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THE NATION

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LETTERS

Dachau revisited

Westfield, N. J.

DEAR SIRS: In reference to your editorial in the Jan. 1 issue of *The Nation,* "Problem of Sanitation," I saw the newcast you spoke of and was actively nauseated by it, yet why should I have protested to C.B.S?

If this is what human beings have become to our GIs, then I believe the American public ought to be so informed, and learn that there are other indirect costs of this war to our country.

What I did do was write to my Senators to inform them of the newscast, and remind them of how much it suggested Dachau to me. I also reminded them that it is their support of Johnson's war effort, by voting him all the funds he needed to keep our soldiers in Vietnam, that made such scenes possible.

If anything, I would suggest that C.B.S. be commended for having the courage to show the newsreel. . . . .

Muriel C. Hyman

We have received several letters making this point. The word "protest" was incorrectly used in the editorial. What we had in mind was the fact that, when something particularly distressing or poignant is shown on the air, stations expect to receive phone calls from viewers who feel they must express their reaction to the emotional jolt. The calls did not occur in anything like the numbers to be expected from the coverage of GIs handling corpses with steam shovels and cutting off the ears of the enemy dead. Editors

pawning the future

Evanston, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: I was glad to see your editorial, "War and Taxes" (*The Nation,* Jan. 8), citing my article and supporting the argument that the proposed tax increase makes sense only as a kind of economic "Gulf of Tonkin" authorization for further escalation of the war in Vietnam. Those opposed to such escalation should certainly oppose the tax increase.

I should, however, like to correct the implication in your editorial that a tax increase would prevent passing the burden of the war on to a later generation. In fact, the tax increase would have little or nothing to do with the extent to which the burden of the war is passed on. This depends upon the very real factors of investment, physical and human, which is foregone now because of the war and hence will have to be made up later. To the extent that because of the war we are failing now to build our cities, educate our young, and in all ways prepare for the world of tomorrow, we are passing a burden on to future generations. This will be true whether we pay for the war through taxes or through inflation.

It is true that, given the extent of war expenditures and destruction, a tax increase that cut down current consumption, rather than investment in education or physical productive capacity, would leave less of a burden to be met in the future. But there is no clear argument that this would be more true of the proposed tax increase than of the "hidden tax" that would come from inflation.

The central economic issue is that the resources being squandered in Vietnam and the political climate which the war creates are causing real burdens now, and will certainly bring on substantial burdens in the future because of all the things that the war has prevented us from doing for our economy now. . . .

Robert Eisner, Professor of Economics
Northwestern University

EDITORIALS

Predictable Incidents

The crash of a B-52 with four H-bombs aboard was our 13th aircraft accident involving nuclear bombs. Most of these mishaps occurred in the United States, but the Greenland incident recalls the midair collision of a B-52 and a KC-135 tanker near Palomares, Spain, which also involved four hydrogen bombs. Three were recovered on land, with some release of radioactive material in a populated area; the fourth fell into the water and was brought up some three months later after an intensive search and a very expensive deep-sea operation.

The B-52 which crashed near the U.S. Thule base in Greenland was flying the Arctic Circle course as part of the airborne alert continuously maintained by the Strategic Air Command. A number of B-52s are always aloft in this operation. In the normal course of events the B-52 involved in the latest mishap would have returned to its base in Plattsburgh, N.Y. However, a bomber flying on alert is always waiting for the command from Washington to arm its bombs and proceed to its designated targets in the Soviet Union.

The idea is to prevent the SAC bomber force from being caught with all its aircraft on the ground in a surprise nuclear attack. A secondary purpose is to keep the crews on their toes. In this instance six crew members parachuted to safety, but the copilot was killed. Unless one is imbued with what C. Wright Mills called "crackpot realism," his death was perfectly senseless. There was not and there is not the slightest chance of a surprise attack on the United States by the Soviet Union under present conditions. And serious hazards are inseparable from such flights. Whenever an accident occurs, the SAC is at pains to inform the public that the bombs were unarmed and could not explode, but it is conceivable—by some sequence of events that is inconceivable to the SAC—that some day one will explode in a bomber crash.

The seizure of the *Pueblo* by the North Koreans is in the same pattern. It may have been "piracy" on the high seas, but it is a peculiar type of piracy even if the vessel was not in North Korean territorial waters. Electronics and other modern technology make a mishmash of the theoretical lines that once gave some protection against naval encroachment. The fact is that the Navy sent into hostile waters a vessel loaded with electronic gear, supposedly so secret that it was to be destroyed by means of explosives if there was danger of its falling into enemy hands. The top speed of the intelligence-gathering ship was about 12 knots. The North Koreans were known to have patrol craft with speeds up to 40 knots. The *Pueblo* was armed only with a pair of machine guns. She was a sitting duck for anyone who cared to take her. Although we had any number of fighter aircraft in the vicinity, nothing came to her aid. Even if one takes the position that the mission of the *Pueblo* was a necessary one, it looks like a thoroughly botched job, not on the part of the commander and his men but as directed by the admirals in charge of all this activity.

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At that, the North Koreans were much more circumspect than the Israelis, who mistook the *Liberty*, another U.S. intelligence ship, for an Egyptian warship and shot her up in the Mediterranean, with heavy loss of life. These incidents are an inevitable accompaniment of our insistence on patrolling the world by land, sea and air, and making our power felt in every nation, large and small. In particular, these troubles are the result of the Vietnamese War, the largest and most gratuitous venture of all. It is quite possible that the seizure of the *Pueblo* was a diversionary tactic connected with our operations in Vietnam (and our use of South Korean troops there), although what the Communists hope to gain by such a confrontation is far from clear. What is perfectly clear is that to allow a war to drag on, making only hypocritical efforts to stop it, is a highly dangerous business. Predictable, besides the incidents, is the reaction of the troglodytes in Congress. For them, the seizure of the *Pueblo* was the best news they have had in years. They began whooping it up in the true spirit of their grandfathers, who went to war over the sinking of the *Maine*, although we still don't know who was responsible. It seemed as if sanity had fled from the habitually bellicose members of the Congress, and they would be satisfied with nothing less than equal mania on the part of the Executive.

Disaffected Establishment

It would be premature, however, to conclude that the United States has turned into a loony bin. Shortly before the B-52 and *Pueblo* incidents, a group of Americans met in Bermuda and sent President Johnson a memorandum urging a general scaling down of American military activity in Vietnam, even without reciprocation.

This was no ordinary group of petitioners. The invitation was issued by Joseph E. Johnson, president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and an old friend of Secretary of State Rusk, and the conferees were all experienced in military and diplomatic affairs. Among them were Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway, chief of staff under President Eisenhower; Charles W. Yost, former deputy chief of the U.S. mission to the UN; Roger Hilsman, former assistant secretary of state for Far Eastern affairs; George B. Kistiakowsky, formerly special assistant to the President for science and technology, and others as distinguished. "There now appears to be a serious danger," the group concluded, "that the momentum of the Vietnam conflict may carry hostilities to disproportionate and even perilous levels. Under the circumstances, there is a need to explore policy alternatives for the future."

The Carnegie Endowment is a high-level organization which normally does not concern itself with policy questions that have domestic political implications. The memorandum to the President does not represent official Carnegie Endowment views, which can be voiced only by the trustees, but the presence in the group of seven officials and trustees is significant. The board of trustees authorized participation in the meeting, and the conclusion reached evidently reflects a growing concern not only among those who did participate but on the part of a

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1968 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014, Tel.: CH 2-8400. West Coast office (for editorial correspondence only): 1256 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Tel.: GR 4-2533. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: **The Nation** is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION *Volume 206 No. 6*

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large section of what might be called the Foreign Policy Establishment.

The logic is unassailable. No war is a static affair, and this one, as past escalations have shown, is highly dynamic. It is obviously carrying us to perilous levels, and will continue on that course unless the pressure is reduced.

The logic is likewise sound in its insistence on an American scaling down of military activity without imposing conditions. This is good diplomatic practice under the circumstances. If we announced a suspension of the bombing subject to certain conditions and Hanoi acceded (which it shows no sign of doing), we would be bound by these conditions. By announcing a suspension and saying nothing more, we would have a freer hand in subsequent negotiations.

The Bermuda meeting is not the only instance of restlessness in the Foreign Policy Establishment. A meeting in Chicago of *Table Ronde,* a group of ninety European government leaders, businessmen and intellectuals, was addressed by John J. McCloy, who ran the War Department under Secretary Henry L. Stimson in World War II and was subsequently U.S. high commissioner in Germany and chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank. No one possesses greater prestige or wields more unofficial power—John Kenneth Galbraith once referred to him as "Chairman of the Board of the Establishment."

In a criticism aimed directly at the White House, McCloy asked the President to order an immediate reappraisal of the Western Alliance, "with an order to all government agencies making it clear that our relationships with Europe are the most important items in all of American foreign policy" (D. J. R. Bruckner, *Los Angeles Times,* January 15). The significance of this is that McCloy is troubled by the overshadowing effect of the Vietnamese War on our role in Europe. The Foreign Policy Establishment in New York, from the years before World War I when the House of Morgan exercised predominant power, has always been Europe-oriented. Its members are Eastern Seaboard, Ivy League types, with close European ties. They are sensible of the serious disarray in the Western Alliance. With no dovelike sentiments in their make-up, they see the United States overextended and would like us to revert to prudent policy in the Pacific.

These statesmen would agree with Senator Mansfield that "the logical consequence of greater American involvement [in Vietnam] is still greater involvement. At some point in this process, if it continues, the escalator may well get out of control. . . ."

Crossroads of Decision

The United States is clearly approaching a crossroads of decision. On the one hand, we can continue to plunge into deeper and deeper commitments in furtherance of the "world policeman" role the military want us to assume. This means pushing ahead in Vietnam regardless of consequences, it means more counterinsurgency wherever free enterprise comes under attack. This is the neo-imperialist role—what was piously referred to at the turn of the century as Manifest Destiny. In a sense it also means increasing isolation since—while we can always recruit some partners of a more or less nominal kind—we shall be going it more and more alone, on our own initiative and at our own expense in blood and treasure.

On the other hand, there is what Senator Fulbright has called "a great opportunity," the prerequisite of which is the rejection of the imperial role. This does not mean that we would do nothing, nor that we would avoid leadership, but that we would lead without the imperial overtones, the heavy military fist, the fanaticism of the anti-Communist crusade. We would exert leadership by example, working through international organizations and multi-national agencies (especially the UN and its subordinate bodies). We would seek a real *détente* with the USSR, working with it on an interim basis to keep the lid on, to give the forces making for a world community time to gain strength. This is the role suggested by Senator Aiken in his remarkable speech. He wants our policy in Southeast Asia "demilitarized" on moral grounds, and because it must now be clear to everyone—except the hawks in the Johnson Administration and their blind followers—that with all our military power we cannot get the guerrillas out of the rice paddies; the old-style power game is played out. Aiken urges us to reject the delusions which have led the Administration into the quagmire; to pretend that "the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong . . . are integral parts of a unified and monolithic world communism is simply a self-destructive fantasy. . . ."

Perhaps one of the reasons for Senator Aiken's concern is that he realizes the significance of what happened on January 16—what Patrick Donovan calls "the closing day for the British empire." The British pullback confronts us with an excruciating problem. Are we going to pick up that burden too, as well as the Middle East and all the other trouble spots of the world?

Britain's setting sun should be a warning. How does a great power best preserve its influence? By throwing its weight around? By telling new regimes what they can and cannot do? By fighting nationalism? By slipping into the colonial or neo-colonial vacuums left by ousted imperialists? Are we trying to prove that Lenin and Trotsky were right? Or are we responsive to the long anti-imperialist tradition of America, which we began to violate, in areas at a distance from the continental United States, after the Spanish-American war? There is little time left to answer these questions.

Something Like Courage

Defying the protests of thirty-three Congressmen, National Educational Television went ahead and broadcast its condensed version of Felix Greene's *Inside North Vietnam.* Its presentation of Dr. Robert A. Scalapino, the academic voice of the Administration, in a panel discussion immediately after the screening was undoubtedly intended to shield the network from the vengeance of the legislators, but David Schoenbrun's sharp and informed challenge to Professor Scalapino's astigmatic view of history made the debate a valid piece of public information (not to say entertainment) in its own right.

What was not so satisfactory was the editing of Mr. Greene's film. Some reduction of footage was no doubt

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necessary to fit the time limitations of the program, but it is hard to believe that Greene's conversation with the wounded American flier was cut short for reasons of space. This officer's sober statement that America is in a bad war and should get out of it, his expressed conviction that the voters could and should begin the process of withdrawal in the November elections, was journalistically as fascinating material as any the film provided, and its moral content was unforgettable. If N.E.T. cut these passages from fear of reprisal, it set a bad and foolish precedent—bad because it imposed an illusion of free discussion on a reality of political calculation and foolish because the pachyderms of consensus are never placated by a qualified resistance to their demands. N.E.T. is to be commended for what was at least a show of defiance; if its viewers respond as they should, the network may be emboldened next time to be really bold.

Frankel Speaks Out

In an editorial comment in our issue of May 29, 1967, we called attention to an article by Tom J. Farer in *Columbia University Forum* which pointed out "the lack in our government of a tradition of resignation on openly stated grounds of principle, a lack which is in large measure a function of the unusual indifference, bordering on contempt, of our Establishment to dissent premised on moral scruples." The British have such a tradition, and it has stood them in good stead. Harold Macmillan referred to it recently in an interview with Edwin Newman on N.B.C.-TV. "Your life belongs to you," Macmillan said. When, as in the Suez crisis, individuals who should have resigned failed to do so, they lived to regret it.

In our May 29 comments we recalled what had happened to Henry Wallace, Adlai Stevenson and others who chose to hang on rather than quit and tell the country why. We suggested that Secretary McNamara should resign. When he finally did, we said in "Exit McNamara" (December 11, 1967) that he should have stated his reasons. He could still do so, not out of any captious motive but because of what he owes himself and all of us.

In the December 11 editorial we mentioned the case of Charles Frankel, whose resignation from the State Department was overshadowed by the departure of McNamara from Defense. Commenting on Frankel's excellent work in promoting international cooperation in scholarly and cultural activities, *Science* (December 15, 1967) concluded regretfully that "since resignation in anger is no longer an accepted mode of behavior in American public life," Frankel had chosen to go in silence, at least in regard to Vietnam. The silence was only temporary, however. Frankel gave a long interview to Richard Dudman, with the understanding that it would not be published until ten days after he left office on December 31 (*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, January 10).

What Frankel has to say is indeed revealing, not so much in regard to his own attitudes, which could be deduced from his character, but in his description of how we get into such situations as the conflict in Vietnam. When he was offered his assistant secretaryship in State in mid-1965 Frankel was already opposed to the war and said so, but was assured by a White House representative that it was sufficient that he supported the President's desire for negotiation; also that the escalation was only temporary and the bombing would end soon.

When things turned out otherwise, Frankel not only found himself identified with a policy to which he objected but the cultural program suffered from inadequate Administration support and loss of U.S. Government credibility as the war dragged on. When finally Frankel left, it was with a conviction that top State Department people were sincere, but with an equal conviction that they had gone into the war incautiously and had overcommitted themselves through a series of decisions based on overoptimistic assessments. Each time, instead of reacting with increased caution, the responsible officials raised the stakes, hoping thus to wipe out the latest prior error. Then the next intelligence estimate would be tailored to justify the enlarged involvement. The result was "a rolling institutional commitment. All the people who are involved, who go to Vietnam as members of the armed forces or the other agencies, or who are involved in the State Department here in Washington—all become children of the faith." And so the whole enterprise gets out of control.

All of which raises the question: to whom are public servants supposed to be loyal, and in what degrees? To the "boss" or to the country? To the man who appointed them, or to the people and to their own sense of what they owe themselves? After all, as Mr. Macmillan said, their lives are their own.

Now that at last we have had a resignation on principle, the example should encourage others. When Arthur Goldberg has had enough, we hope he resigns not with a whimper but with a bang, so that we may learn more than we now know or suspect about how the Johnson Administration does business. And we hope he will state his reasons then and there. The delay Mr. Frankel imposed on himself was good manners, but bad strategy.

Riot Control: Campus Style

Gov. Ronald Reagan is a busy man, but the California State Senate Judiciary Committee plans to add another function to his duties: *de facto* chief of police of the state's twenty-seven university and college campuses and their 284,000 students (see page 171 this issue). The committee proposes a California Campus Patrol headed by a Sacramento-based commissioner appointed by and responsible to the Governor, with "primary jurisdiction" for law enforcement on all campuses.

This scheme, which strips university chancellors and college presidents of their present authority over campus police, is a riot-inciting measure that would meet the approval of any professional *agent provocateur*. Campuses already are sensitive to the presence of outside police, and a campus-based police system, controlled from Sacramento, would stimulate a round of disorders and repression that would likely disrupt every state campus in California. Students, surrounded by the turmoil in the larger society over the Vietnamese War and racial conflict, cannot be sealed off on islands of tranquillity.

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GUATEMALA

WHY THEY SHOOT AMERICANS

NORMAN DIAMOND
Mr. Diamond has taught for two years at Harvard University, where he is now working for his Ph.D. He was in Guatemala last summer, and his present area of study is the counter-insurgency movement in that country.

The killing of two American officers in Guatemala last month was neither a retaliation for right-wing attacks nor an act of arbitrary terrorism. It may have been an act of desperation, but one that had been planned well ahead and the consequences of which had been carefully calculated. What needs to be explained is its significance for the guerrilla movement and why the guerrillas waited until now.

Last summer, I took part in a discussion with members of the Revolutionary Armed Forces (FAR) in the back country of northeast Guatemala. The topic was the political advisability of a campaign against U.S. citizens, either United Fruit Company executives or members of the military mission. At that meeting, FAR opinion was that the time for such a campaign had passed, that the guerrillas had been too much weakened to benefit from it.

The intention of such attacks would have been to force an escalation of U.S. military strength in Guatemala, both arousing the population against the United States and diverting soldiers, advisers and equipment from liberation struggles elsewhere in the world. But now, the FAR argued, with the November 13th guerrilla movement nearly destroyed, and with the fighting strength of the FAR itself greatly reduced, attacks on United Fruit Company's executive compound at Bananera or on the military mission would be interpreted as last-ditch efforts and would do no more than increase U.S. support for Guatemalan counterinsurgency programs.

When in a position of greater strength, the FAR had chosen not to emphasize the internationalism of their struggle. Confident of eventual victory, they had come to a tacit understanding with United Fruit that permitted the guerrillas to operate in and around the company's plantation. Their confidence extended even to issuing statements signed by guerrilla leaders. They thus identified themselves, a bold step that is now proving costly. Underestimating the potential effects of U.S. military and "software" counterinsurgency aid, and perhaps underestimating our determination to prevent a successful popular movement, the guerrillas tried not to attract U.S. military attention and emphasized primarily their nationalist goals. The question for them was whether to attempt to tie down U.S. troops in Guatemala or to try for a relatively quick seizure of power. In control of large areas of the northeast, they chose the latter course.

Actually they were never strong enough to stand a chance in battle against U.S. counterinsurgency forces. The more realistic question is whether they could have used an increased direct U.S. military presence as a means of organizing the peasantry. By last summer, this question seemed no longer relevant to their strategy. The January 16th killings indicate a reassessment by the guerrillas derived from changing conditions of struggle. Their implications for the possibility of a more successful movement in Guatemala could be great.

The Avenue of the Americas, with its park of statues down the middle, is one of Guatemala City's most pleasant boulevards. It runs through the exclusive residential areas where the majority of U.S. diplomatic and military officials live. On it is located the U.S. Consulate, and it is also the most convenient route between the city and the airport and Guatemalan Air Force headquarters. With the intensification of air attacks against villages sympathetic to the guerrillas and of air surveillance on guerrilla positions, traffic between the military mission at the embassy and the Guatemalan Air Force headquarters has become heavier. On January 16, while returning for lunch, Col. John Webber, Jr., head of the U.S. military team in Guatemala, and Lieut. Comdr. Ernest Munro, his naval adviser, were killed by machine-gun bullets from a green Chevrolet sedan.

Colonel Webber may not have been the most relevant target for the guerrillas. As head of the mission, his functions have probably been administration and public relations. Actual responsibility for our anti-guerrilla programs in Guatemala has rested with his second in command, Lieutenant Colonel Thying. At parties, after a few drinks, Webber was apt to introduce Thying to guests from home as "our counterinsurgency expert," a designation which Thying does not like to have publicized. Webber would argue with liberal students in volunteer community and medical programs that "our goals for reform are really the same as yours; just the methods differ." Thying, however, sees himself as a technician, unconcerned with questions of policy, following orders. According to him, his programs for killing guerrillas and undercutting their popular support are "apolitical."

Both men arrived in Guatemala in 1966 when the guerrillas were at the peak of their strength. Thying was transferred from Colombia where, although he later depreciated the anti-guerrilla skills attributed to him by Webber, he acknowledges having supervised "mopping-up" and having "straightened out the situation." They introduced to Guatemala the advanced techniques in counterinsurgency being developed in Vietnam. They also undertook to rationalize the Guatemalan armed forces, tying them even closer to the U.S. military.

Under their direction the major counterinsurgency emphasis has been on killing guerrillas. Large areas of the country have been declared off limits and then subjected to heavy bombing. Reconnaissance planes using advanced photographic techniques fly over suspected guerrilla country and jet planes, assigned to specific areas, can be called in within minutes to kill anything that moves on

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the ground. Infantry troops have been trained in anti-guerrilla fighting and use laboratory techniques, as well as more traditional torture, to determine whether guerrillas have visited a village.

To complement the killing, our military has introduced rural pacification programs like those developed by American professors for use in Vietnam. Designed to deprive the guerrillas of indigenous support by demonstrations of what can be attained through existing political channels, these programs emphasize health and literacy. Programs of inoculations, well digging and milk for children fall under these military auspices, as do literacy programs, taught by soldiers with readings of a highly structured political content. Various U.S. volunteer agencies, like Amigos de las Americas, are incorporated into the military plan. (Innocent summer volunteers have been surprised to find themselves suddenly on Air Force planes being flown into Guatemala from Honduras without visas and then stuck in army jeeps to be driven to their destination. Their role—somewhat akin to Green Beret first aid—is to inoculate "safe" peasants.)

These direct and indirect attacks on the guerrillas and their popular bases of support are not the only reasons why U.S. military men are obvious targets in Guatemala. For the FAR, the military mission represents also a more subtle form of imperialism. The bulk of U.S. aid to Guatemala must be returned to the United States in payment for goods and services (a form of subsidy by U.S. taxpayers to the companies providing the goods and services), and the guerrillas recognize that the exchange is a means of controlling the Guatemalan economy. Efforts by the United States to rationalize the Guatemalan armed forces both benefit the U.S. companies selling the weapons and serve to maintain U.S. control over the Guatemalan military. Formerly, as Colonel Thying explained in an interview, Guatemala bought arms on the world market, procuring large supplies which, without replacements and spare parts, were useless within two or three years. Our administration of procurements now simultaneously saves money for the Guatemalans and makes them dependent on U.S. policy.

The U.S. Embassy has issued a statement expressing surprise and incomprehension at the slaying of Colonel Webber and Lieutenant Commander Munro, since Guatemalans are described as being in general "very friendly" toward the United States. But as should be clear from the above background, our military personnel are, and will continue to be, potential targets for guerrilla attacks.

I went to Guatemala in 1967 sympathetic to the social programs of the guerrillas but expecting to face a difficult moral dilemma with respect to their frequent use of violence. As in the case of black urban uprisings, I thought, many innocent persons would probably die in the violence directed toward progressive ends. The situation that I found in Guatemala was somewhat different. At every level of the society I found a respect for the integrity and judiciousness of the guerrillas: their targets are always evident political and military opponents of importance.

If political considerations have hitherto restrained the FAR from attacking the U.S. military, changing conditions have changed the balance of those considerations. The counterinsurgency programs have isolated the guerrilla groups from their bases of support in the countryside. With their peasant fighting cadres either killed or no longer responsive, with the identity of their leadership known to the government (FAR leadership consists of professional men and former military officers—individuals who can't simply disappear into the hills without being missed), the impetus of the guerrilla movement has been lost. Its major task at this point is to prepare the way for a future movement, starting from fresh bases, probably with new leadership. It is by this goal that I would explain the change in guerrilla policy toward U.S. military personnel.

Some of the same considerations which existed when the guerrillas were stronger, also hold true now. While there is no chance at present that the United States will intervene on a large scale with troops, the guerrillas may hope that increased repression by the Guatemalan Government will help radicalize the population, especially the students and urban slum dwellers. Until now, the Guatemalan armed forces have avoided the appearance of excessive repression. Their attack planes fly from hidden and even inaccessible airports; the number and kinds of aircraft are a secret from most of the population and even from the civilian government. The army has gone so far as to reroute rivers to cover the traces of bombings and massacres, as well as razing forests and bulldozing villages. For the civic action programs to have any chance of success, it has been necessary to keep from the population the extent of repressive violence simultaneously employed by the government.

This repression has been exercised almost entirely in the countryside. There have been gun battles in Guatemala City, but few parts of the urban population have been affected. The government has responded to right-wing terror with sighs of regret, but the killing of Webber and Munro has forced it to institute a "state of alarm," which imposes censorship, bans meetings of more than four people, and permits arrest on sight without questioning. These measures will bring the struggle to the city. Guatemala's students, traditionally volatile in matters concerning their own rights, are likely to become much more involved than they have been to date. The notorious Fifth Zone slums, into which uniformed police are afraid to go except in force, may also react violently to infringement of its autonomy. Today's students may yet furnish some of the leadership in a liberation struggle at least partly based on the urban population.

Further, by finally attacking the U.S. military, the FAR may be indicating a new conception of what the future struggle should be. Having at first misunderstood our role in their country, they may now see the United States as the primary enemy of the social changes which they desire. Political organizing within the country will still have to be directed at the immediate conditions and against the local oligarchy, but there may be a more realistic awareness of the need to confront the United States. If the killings on the Avenue of the Americas are a guide, the next guerrilla movement in Guatemala will be directed in more international terms.

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Dirksen: The Presidents' Chameleon

EDWARD S. GILBRETH
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Chicago

Everett McKinley Dirksen, senior Senator from the state he likes to refer to as the Land of Lincoln, enters this election year at the peak of a career that spans thirty years on Capitol Hill. Senator Dirksen envisions 1968 as the year of his greatest fulfillment. It may be that, or it may be the year when his power is eclipsed by the Democrats or by restless young blood within his own Republican ranks.

The Senator will be seeking a fourth term from Illinois. He also aspires to, and probably will get, the chairmanship of the platform committee at the Republican National Convention this summer. As leader of the Senate minority and as key adviser to the two Democratic Presidents of the 1960s, Dirksen accepts credit for many of the legislative milestones of this decade. Now, in the opening of the second session of the 90th Congress, he stands once again at stage center, ready to step forward whenever cries of "author! author!" herald some triumph.

And step forward he will. For whatever his pretense at humility, shyness is not in the make-up of this Illinois son of German immigrants, a man who has painstakingly cultivated the role of leadership and who, at the age of 72, shows no willingness to relinquish it.

Dirksen's success (if the acquisition of power, whatever the wisdom of its use, can be called success) is remarkable, considering that his flamboyance and theatricality make him a conspicuous figure of fun. In chronic poor health, he rumbles around the Senate like a skeleton in oversized clothes. His throaty baritone and arm-flinging oratorical style are a burlesque of the 19th-century superpatriot. His appeals to the Eternal Verities embarrass intelligent audiences.

As Dirksen once acknowledged, "Home, motherhood —some of my colleagues smile when I speak on such subjects. . . . But these are basic. You can appeal to people only through things which motivate them strongly."

Dirksen dominates the U.S. Senate. He is indulgent toward Democratic Party leaders who complain that he has more influence with the White House than do the President's own partisans. Dirksen has been able, so far at least, to muffle fellow Republicans who resent his tandem ride with the President.

Dirksen has attained leadership by playing the political chameleon, flip-flopping between conservative and liberal positions too often to be frozen in any stance. (The Chicago *Sun-Times* once catalogued his voting record and accused him of changing his views seventy times on farm policy, sixty-two times on foreign affairs and thirty-one times on military matters.) This so-called flexibility permits Dirksen to leap onto either side of an issue. It endears him to Democratic Presidents, who on several occasions have found him a willing partner in steering Administration measures through the Senate. His contributions to the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty of 1963 and the Civil Rights Act of 1964 are perhaps overrated; it was he, nonetheless, who emerged as hero of the hour after the passage of each.

Dirksen cherishes the role of adviser to Presidents; he learned its value when he sought a third term in 1962. One morning, Dirksen had just gotten out of bed and was rummaging around his suite in Chicago's LaSalle Hotel when he was summoned to the telephone by a Presidential secretary, who said: "The President wants you to come to Washington on a highly urgent matter."

It was October 22, the day President John F. Kennedy announced to the world that the United States would risk nuclear war with Russia to force withdrawal of Soviet missiles from Cuba. Dirksen flew to Washington, along with Congressional leaders of both parties. A few days later, he was able to chortle to a home-state audience: "I feel like a commuter between Chicago and Washington these days, but I do not mind, for these are command performances."

The "command performance" was a dramatic climax to

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his re-election campaign. On election eve, Dirksen's aides predicted a 500,000-vote plurality for their candidate ("There is a fragrant odor of victory in the air," Dirksen crowed), but in fact his margin was 200,000-plus, the smallest of his three races for the Senate. By Illinois standards, it was no landslide, and there is reason to believe that he would have lost except for the Cuban crisis. Louis Harris, who in 1962 was President Kennedy's personal pollster, said that his staff's polls *before* Dirksen's summons to the White House indicated that he would lose.

Instances of harmony between Dirksen and Lyndon B. Johnson are legion. The Republican leader has been the President's main source of strength in Senate support for Administration policy in Vietnam. But Dirksen has been as willing to aid the Democratic President in other dilemmas. It was to Dirksen that Mr. Johnson turned for rescue from a recent political embarrassment, and perhaps no episode better dramatizes their rapport. The episode began last summer. Mr. Johnson named Simon F. McHugh, Jr., husband of a former favorite secretary, to a $26,000-a-year vacancy on the Subversive Activities Control Board. The nomination was confirmed by the Senate without debate. News media then exposed the do-nothing behavior of the SACB. Two years previously, the Supreme Court had knocked out the board's major power to force Communist organizations to register with the government. This power, the Court held, violated a citizen's right not to testify against himself. The board, its power thus emasculated, had held no hearings for twenty months, and none was pending before it when the President handed the fat-salaried sinecure to a 29-year-old man on the fringe of his official family.

The revelation led a number of Democrats to call for abolishing the board, which had been created by the Internal Security Act of 1950. (The Act, it will be recalled, was passed over President Truman's veto.)

There were two lines of attack on the agency. One was led by Sen. Wayne Morse, the Oregon Democrat, who saw circumstances ripe for ridding the government of a witch-hunting apparatus set up in the heyday of McCarthyism. The other was led by Sen. William Proxmire, Wisconsin Democrat, who argued from economy. What justification was there, he asked, for perpetuating an agency that had no work to do, although its five members and thirteen employees required an annual budget of some $300,000?

The debate that followed featured Senator Dirksen in his familiar role of going to bat for his friend in the White House. Dirksen, raising the specter of an internal Communist menace, proposed to reactivate the SACB by empowering it to investigate suspected Communists on its own initiative, and then list them with the Attorney General's office. Presumably, this would circumvent the Supreme Court ruling against self-incrimination, since so-called Communist-front groups or individuals would not themselves be required to register.

The Dirksen proposal effectively thwarted the strategy to abolish the SACB on the ground of economy. By arguing that the board should be given work to do, Dirksen left open only that argument that there was no need for the agency. But anyone who followed that line was by implication "soft on communism."

Senator Proxmire filibustered against the Dirksen proposal, and it was finally defeated. However, Dirksen lost the battle but won the war. What emerged was a so-called compromise, agreed to by both Dirksen and Proxmire, under which the SACB would be kept alive (that is, its appropriation untouched) and the board would have until the end of 1968 to show that it had effective work to do. Proxmire saved face by asserting his confidence that the compromise assured "the death of the board."

From the start, of course, Senator Dirksen was assured of some type of victory. It had been his from the time Mr. Johnson asked Dirksen to extricate him from the quandary. The real victory, masked by oratory about how best to cope with the "internal menace," was in changing the thrust of debate from that of questioning a Presidential appointment to that of evaluating the SACB. The forgotten man in the weeks-long controversy, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield (D., Mont.) confessed that he had not heard from the President.

In late November, nearly one month after the SACB debate, the President had an opportunity to pay Dirksen one of those public tributes that cause increasing resentment among the partisan followers of each. Mr. Johnson appeared unannounced at a dinner at which veterans of the old Office of Strategic Services (forerunner to the Central Intelligence Agency) were honoring Dirksen. Speaking informally, Mr. Johnson praised Dirksen for avoiding "the temptations of irresponsibility" as an opposition leader. "No one—no one—has excelled his strategic service to the cause of freedom in the world. . . . He is a great American. He is a great human being. He is one of my dearest friends."

This endorsement can be expected to hold despite Dirksen's occasional harangues against the Administration, the most recent of which came in a year-end report to the Senate. Dirksen declared then that "there is no prospect of peace, no promise of stability, no hope for the better" in Mr. Johnson's policy in Vietnam. He went on to attack the Administration in this and harsher language, and the attack won national attention. Newspapers devoted columns to analysis. Did the Senator's remarks point to a permanent estrangement between the President and his No. 1 ally on Vietnam?

Hardly. For one thing, Dirksen's remarks were contained in the year's final issue of the *Congressional Record*, which is traditionally used for "extension of remarks" written after adjournment. These year-end summations traditionally blacken the opponent, whether of the majority or minority party. Dirksen knew he could have gained considerably more mileage from the attack with a speech in the Senate, rather than through the back door of the *Record*.

Then, too, Dirksen needed to soothe the wounds he inflicted on fellow party members by his repeated defense of Mr. Johnson's escalation of the war. As recently as last October, he had humiliated his party's former national chairman, Sen. Thruston B. Morton of Kentucky, when Morton dared suggest that the President had been "brainwashed" on the war issue by the nation's military-industrial complex. Dirksen chose to answer Morton in a speech on the floor of the Senate, not in the fine print in any

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"extension of remarks." "Have you heard the British demean their king and queen?" Dirksen asked. "No, you do not demean the ruler. The President is not our ruler, but you do not demean him in the eyes of the people abroad; for when you do, you demean the prestige of this Republic." By no coincidence, Morton, a moderate, has been the choice of a number of progressive Republicans to replace Dirksen as their Senate leader.

Dirksen maintains that his alliance with Mr. Johnson does not differ from the foreign policy support he gave President Kennedy. In 1963, Dirksen worked hard with Mr. Kennedy to win support for the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty. Dirksen reported to the White House the arguments of critics of the test ban, then worked out with Mr. Kennedy a letter of assurances, which the President forwarded to the Senate.

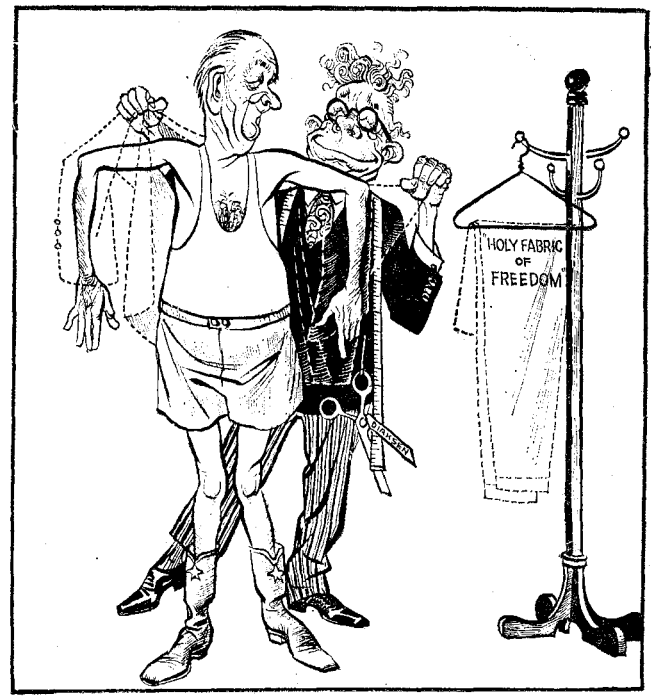
However, the Dirksen-Johnson bond goes deeper than any tie between Dirksen and Mr. Kennedy. One example: the Senator last year won for Illinois the government's choicest prize, the selection of one of Chicago's west suburbs as site of the Atomic Energy Commission's $400 million super atom-smasher. This was accomplished despite the fact that Illinois failed to enact an open-occupancy law to guarantee freedom of residence for Negroes who would be employed at the new federal facility, located in the heart of lily-white suburbia.

Laboring for both Presidents, Dirksen has revealed an obsession with history's judgment of him. During the debate on the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, he cried out: "I should not like to have written on my tombstone, 'He knew what happened at Hiroshima, but he did not take a first step.' " Arguing in behalf of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, he intoned: "I don't want it said that Everett Dirksen had told young men [Negroes] they could risk being killed in defending the country, but could have no voice in running it."

It was during the same Civil Rights debate that Dirksen flung out one arm in the direction of Barry Goldwater and warned that "no extreme statement you can utter" will alter "the upward thrust of civilization." Dirksen then demonstrated his virtuosity by listing as examples of "upward thrusts" various social welfare measures, including Social Security, which Dirksen ardently opposed during the fourteen years he served as an anti-New Deal Congressman from Illinois' Pekin area.

A few weeks after pointing his finger at Goldwater, Dirksen further demonstrated his flexibility by nominating Goldwater for President at the Republican National Convention. He said it was time to offer voters an alternative "to the Socialist philosophy that has already debilitated three-fourths of the world."

Dirksen has never made it clear at what point he thinks government regulation leaves the realm of "social welfare" and enters the category of "socialism." He could have been defending his own voting record, in his Goldwater nominating speech, when he ridiculed as "sadistic sport" the finding of inconsistencies in a man's record. After all, Dirksen said, "the man never lived, and the hero was never born who, by singling out some vote, some utterance, some opinion, cannot be crucified upon the cross erected by the cynics."



Macpherson, Toronto Star

The Emperor's Clothes

Dirksen, who did nothing to prevent, who even abetted, the Goldwater candidacy, emerged unscathed from the Republicans' crushing defeat in 1964. For once, he stationed himself in the wings, wringing his hands in dismay at the catastrophic performance onstage, a performance that one was supposed to assume he had had no hand in directing.

If he succeeds in chairing the platform committee at the party's 1968 convention, Dirksen will be able to mold the GOP's election strategy to his liking. And this prospect frightens many fellow Republicans almost as much as would another Goldwater candidacy. If he is in one of his conservative moods, Dirksen could easily fashion a platform unacceptable to a progressive nominee, such as Nelson Rockefeller. More important, many Republicans fear that Dirksen could saddle the party with a Vietnam plank parroting the Democratic support of the President. This would be unthinkable for Presidential nominees such as George Romney, who now opposes Vietnamese policy, or for the increasingly dovish Sen. Charles H. Percy, Dirksen's junior colleague from Illinois.

For this reason, a majority of the twenty-six Republican Governors want one of their own to share the platform committee chairmanship with Dirksen. The Governors, a more liberal lot than the GOP Congressional wing led by Dirksen, asked that Gov. Raymond Shafer of Pennsylvania be named. This Dirksen refused to allow, although he pretends that the matter is the prerogative of the Republican National Committee and its chairman, Ray C. Bliss.

The question of Percy poses yet another problem for Dirksen. Percy wants to be Illinois' favorite son Presidential nominee at the Miami Beach convention. Many conservative supporters of Dirksen in Illinois recoil from

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that idea, regarding Percy as something of a traitor to "true Republicanism." Only one year into his freshman term, Percy is rated almost five times as liberal as Dirksen by Americans for Democratic Action. The ADA gave him a rating of 38, compared to 8 for Dirksen, on all 1967 roll calls where conservative and liberal lines could be discerned. Dirksen has said he will "not oppose" Percy's favorite son status, but he has not said he would support it. This lack of support was sufficient encouragement for Illinois die-hard conservatives, who this spring plan to contest election of pro-Percy delegates to the national convention.

Illinois Democrats, reconciled to a national ticket headed by LBJ, must come up with a candidate to oppose Dirksen. Their field is limited. The Democrats' private polls indicate that their best candidate would be State Treasurer Adlai E. Stevenson III, who twice has proven to be the party's top vote getter in state-wide elections. But young Stevenson in early January withdrew himself from consideration. (The polls, incidentally, showed him a less than even bet against Dirksen.)

Senator Paul Simon, a youngish reform legislator from southern Illinois, has been mentioned as an aspirant for Dirksen's seat, although there is increasing evidence that Mayor Daley has come up with a "magic" name, Sargent Shriver, which would bring the Kennedy name and fortune into the campaign.

Neither political party in Illinois will endorse candidates for the state's June primary election until spring. During that time, Dirksen will continue to enjoy a national rostrum in the Senate. His daily performances will be fed to his constituents from the front pages of their newspapers, and by the time the formal campaign begins the white-thatched old veteran will appear unbeatable.

That, of course, is the image Dirksen wants to project in his campaign for a fourth term.

And if the polls should suddenly reverse, if President Johnson appears likely to carry Illinois, if Senator Dirksen's own campaign falters because of his age or the issues, he can take out and wave the highest endorsement for his return to the Senate:

"No one—no one—has excelled his strategic service to the cause of freedom in the world. . . . He is a great American. He is a great human being. He is one of my dearest friends."

ACTIVISM VS. REAGANISM

THE MEDDLERS AT BERKELEY

DAVID SWANSTON
Mr. Swanston is a reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle *on the Berkeley campus of the University of California.*

Berkeley

For the fourth time in as many years, the University of California at Berkeley is in turmoil. The current crisis is not as intense as the Free Speech Movement of 1964, nor as volatile as the 1965 Vietnam Day Committee controversy, nor as disruptive as last year's student strike. But at the roots of the crisis is a threat to the university far more serious than any student uprising—a concentrated and successful interference in campus activities by off-campus forces.

Like the earlier outbreaks in Berkeley's cycle of confrontation politics, this year's controversy involves student violations of campus rules and punishment for the violations leading to major campus demonstrations. But this year, as activist and administrator squared off across Sproul Plaza, a new factor appeared on the scene and forced the battle neither side wanted. Catalysts for the current showdown: the Alameda County Board of Supervisors.

The board, normally busy with problems of water, taxes and zoning in the large East Bay county, joined a growing platoon of politicians and state officials who have become persistent meddlers in the affairs of the Berkeley campus since Ronald Reagan took office a year ago. But where others had been content to pass resolutions, inflame public opinion, threaten tuition and reduced budgets, and discharge a president, the board jumped straight into campus events.

The controversy began in October, as student activists made final plans for Stop the Draft Week demonstrations at the Army Examining Station in Oakland. Demonstration leaders used the "free forum" of Sproul Hall steps to urge UC students to join the protest, and announced that the campus Student Union be a sleeping-staging area for the demonstration.

Campus officials were unruffled by the demonstration planning, but the sleep-in announcement brought quick denials that permission to use the building had been given, and a series of negotiations began between administrators, student government officers and activists. What emerged was a compromise agreement allowing the university's Associated Students to sponsor an all-night teach-in that would include discussion—on both sides—of the draft, the war and direct action.

"The decision to grant the use of our facilities for the teach-in is an affirmation of faith in our students and in the value of putting into a serious format an event that might otherwise be destructive," Berkeley Chancellor Roger W. Heyns told a meeting of the faculty senate. The senate agreed, voting to support the teach-in and commending the chancellor for "his forthright decision, taken in keeping with the university's tradition of free expression." The Alameda Board of Supervisors, on the other hand, voted unanimously to demand that the uni-

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versity deny the use of its facilities for activity connected with the Stop the Draft Week demonstrations.

Responding to the board's action, Heyns wrote: "We believe that the course that ought to be followed is that of the familiar traditional American practice of punishing or disciplining the doing of harmful actions while leaving citizens free to speak their minds and advocate ideas and platforms, even to advocate future possible unlawful activities." But the supervisors weren't to be denied. When Heyns refused to obey their demand, the board sent its counsel into Superior Court to seek a restraining order to force the university to cancel the teach-in.

In general, campus leaders did not seriously consider that a restraining order would be issued, and on the afternoon of the teach-in plans were unchanged as university officials appeared at an informal session in Alameda County Superior Court. But Superior Court Judge Lewis E. Lacara not only considered the order; he issued it and enjoined the university from permitting use of campus facilities for the teach-in or at any other time "for the purposes of on-campus violations of the Universal Military Training and Service Act and on-campus advocacy of off-campus violations of said act." (The supervisor's counsel argued that attempting to close down the Examining Station violated the Act.) A formal hearing on the restraining order, when its constitutionality could be argued, was scheduled for October 25—five days after the end of Stop the Draft Week.

Heyns issued a terse statement that the order would be obeyed and the Student Union was locked. When several thousand activists showed up on campus and began a rally outside Sproul Hall with their own sound equipment, UC officials responded with warnings of rule violations and punishments. Representatives from the Dean of Students office said the activists were violating university rules prohibiting the use of non-university sound equipment and night rallies, and warned that students participating in the unauthorized meeting would be disciplined later. The students listened to the dean's announcement and then voted to continue the rally. It lasted all night and ended as demonstrators boarded chartered buses on the edge of campus and left for the Examining Station.

Club-swinging Oakland police waded through the demonstrators that morning and the Examining Station protest ended with twenty arrests and dozens of injuries. By noon, 4,000 angry young activists had gathered in Sproul Plaza. A rally had been planned, but the university had withdrawn permission after the sponsoring group, The Resistance, had refused to sign a special pledge that the meeting would not "include nor lead to violations of the law."

After several attempts to conduct the meeting without sound equipment had failed, the activists brought their own amplifiers on campus and began their rally—again in violation of university rules. The meeting lasted three hours, included heated debate on the draft, the demonstration, the rally itself, and the Oakland police department, and featured an "open microphone"—free speech in the broadest sense of the term. Another "illegal" rally was held that night and the students voted to return to the Examining Station.

In all, five unauthorized rallies were held, and the university cited seventy-one students for taking part. Two of the seventy-one were suspended for a year, five others were given "suspended sentences" of one year's suspension, fifteen were cleared of charges and the rest were warned, censured or placed on disciplinary probation.

University officials contend that the students violated existing campus rules concerning the time, place and manner of speeches that would have been in effect without the supervisors' restraining order, but it is obvious that the order forced both the students and the administration into a position that made rule violations nearly inevitable. Except for the order, the teach-in would not have been canceled and there would have been no unauthorized outdoor rally. The university would not have required a pledge that rallies would not include or lead to law violations and the afternoon rallies could have gone as planned. Except for the order, Stop the Draft Week would have passed; some students would have had run-ins with civil authorities but the hassle on campus would not have erupted.

However, it should be noted that both the activists and the administration escalated the conflict as soon as the Board of Supervisors and the Superior Court had wiped out the initial cooperation:

Instead of immediately fighting the restraining order in appellate court, university officers created the special pledge and when student groups refused to sign it and held their rallies anyway hustled around taking names of people "violating university rules." As a result, the constitutionality of the restraining order was never tested, since the supervisors dropped the action on the morning of the formal court hearing.

Instead of attempting to gather public and faculty support around the issue of outside attack upon the university, Heyns whined that his "problems are not helped when the community fails to acknowledge our responsibility and competence to make decisions and execute policies about the subject of student affairs" and turned his attention—and public statements—to student discipline.

Instead of sticking by the lofty concept—presented to the supervisors less than a week earlier—that students should be "free to speak their minds and advocate ideas and platforms, even to advocate possible unlawful activities," UC officials abandoned the principle, created rules that violated it and then announced plans to punish students who broke the rules.

(The principle Heyns touted before the supervisors had been the major accomplishment of the Free Speech Movement. In the wake of the 1964 Sproul Hall sit-in, the Berkeley academic senate resolved that "the content of speech or advocacy should not be restricted by the university," with the provision that "time, place and manner of conducting political activity on campus be subject to reasonable regulations to prevent interference with the normal functions of the university.")

Instead of fighting the supervisors over the autonomy of the university, the administration engaged in a rules fight with students.

But, if the administration was inclined to chevy the students, the activists seemed ready to be drawn into

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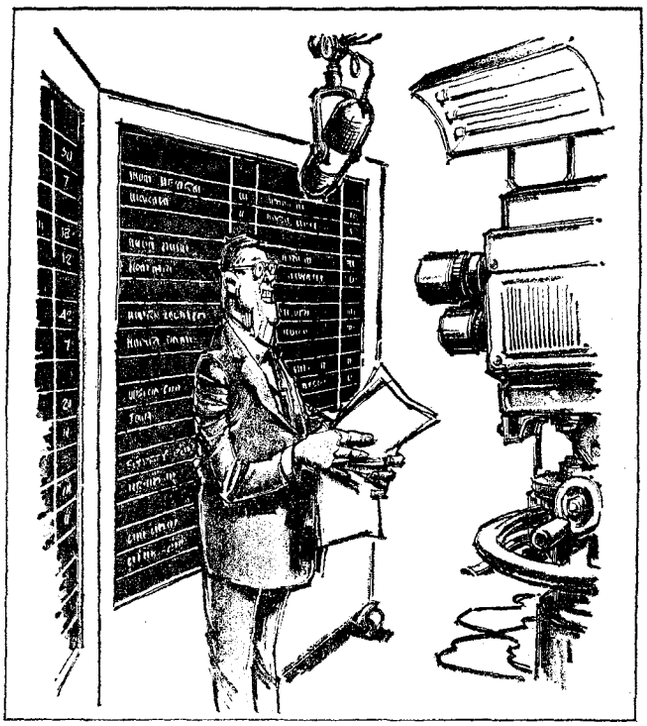
the fray. The students could have moved their teach-in off campus—they had reserved a city park in Berkeley—instead of defying the university. They could have conducted meetings without sound equipment, which would have been perfectly legal. In short, they could have avoided confronting the university and still have launched a successful Stop the Draft Week.

Instead, they held the unauthorized rallies, and when students who spoke at the rallies were called before the Dean of Students, they refused to appear. When the dean recommended that eleven be suspended, they threatened



Conrad, Los Angeles Times

"And at Half-Time . . . San Jose State 7—Dow 3 . . . UCLA 14—CIA 6"

"disruptive demonstrations." And when Heyns finally suspended two of them, they launched three days of mill-ins, disrupting administration buildings with demonstrators.

Thirty-five students were cited for the mill-ins and forty-three more for taking part in a protest against Dow Chemical Company and CIA recruiters on campus. The Dow-CIA protest pointed up the polarized atmosphere on campus created by the restraining order: A year ago Dow and the CIA visited the campus and sparked student demonstrations. But administrators and activists were able to work out guidelines for the protest that were acceptable to both sides. This year, the administrators, the students and the cause of protest were all about the same, but no guidelines could be developed and university rules were once again broken.

Student opinion, including the not especially militant student paper, *The Daily Californian,* generally opposed Heyns and supported the activists. The faculty, as usual, divided on the question, but defeated a resolution that would have censured Heyns. And the Board of Regents, charged with administering the nine campuses, 95,000 students and 6,000 faculty members in the statewide university system, endorsed the chancellor's handling of the situation.

The endorsement brought a good measure of relief to Berkeley administrators, who feared that the regents would condemn Heyns for not himself forbidding the pre-demonstration rallies. Coupled with this concern was the fear that the regents would take more direct action, perhaps shutting down the campus "open forum." The worries were not entirely without basis. A Berkeley faculty-student Study Commission on University Governance, in a report based on a year's study of UC, had noted that "in the space of less than two years we have witnessed actions by the regents which have raised serious threats to the academic freedom of this campus, the effective governance of its affairs, and the personal freedom of its students."

For example, a year ago the regents ruled that university personnel who participated in campus strikes would be subject to firing. A few months later, they declared that students could be dismissed from the university for off-campus violations of narcotic laws. And recently they issued the seemingly paradoxical statements that the campus could not be used to organize illegal activities, and that the rights of free speech and assembly would be upheld. But the act that most shocked the university—and a good part of the state—was the politically motivated firing of university President Clark Kerr in January, 1967.

Kerr's discharge prompted the Berkeley faculty to sponsor a public convocation on "The Role of the University in a Democratic Society," in an effort to garner public support for the notion of campus autonomy. Speakers at the April 28 ceremonies included Chief Justice Earl Warren and historian Richard Hofstadter, but the star of the afternoon was economist John Kenneth Galbraith.

Galbraith criticized the general concept of a university governing board—such as the Board of Regents—as "a barrier to progress," and added:

> Here the governing board that does not govern has come to serve as a conduit for political interference into the university. So, far from being a buffer, it is where those with a political axe now go to grind. It is where those with a whimsical objection to beards, free speech, or the DuBois Clubs can be assured of a sympathetic and responsive ear. So, far from being a buffer that protects against heresy, it has become a means for its exposure. And also for exercising political leverage or action.

The Berkeley Study Commission on University Governance echoed Galbraith's thesis and noted that incidents of the last months "are but the most recent examples of a long series of abuses which make a mockery of the official theory that the regents serve as a 'buffer' between the university and the political pressures emanating from a hostile environment."

Among the most dangerous members of the "hostile environment" is the conservative state legislature which has found the university campus a productive pasture for

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making political hay. In recent years, every stir at Berkeley has produced a raft of letters and press statements from Sacramento that keep public opinion churning, and threaten budget cuts and restrictions on the rights of university students and faculty members.

A recent letter to the regents from Oakland Assemblyman Don Mulford is a fair example. Mulford, whose letter was released to the press, was upset because the university had done nothing about twenty-two Berkeley professors who had claimed participation in the unauthorized Stop the Draft Week rallies. He noted that five of the professors "are mentioned in the 13th Report Supplement of the Senate Factfinding Subcommittee on Un-American Activities in California," and then added a couple of not too subtle threats concerning his support of the university budget: "This comes at a time when the legislature is being asked to consider a substantial increase in faculty salaries including these very same professors."

But not all the conservative energy in Sacramento is channeled through letters and press releases. In the wake of the demonstrations at Berkeley and other university campuses and the serious disruption at San Francisco State College, the Reagan administration worked up plans for a state-wide campus police force. The proposal, now being seriously considered in Sacramento, would provide one giant force with branches on every campus, directed from Sacramento.

As winter quarter classes began at Berkeley a few weeks ago, the off-campus threats remained unchecked and the on-campus controversy remained unresolved. Three students have been suspended for the Dow-CIA protest and many more still face discipline. The teaching assistants local of the American Federation of Teachers has threatened to strike over suspension of its members. And Heyns has stripped the campus student government of its power, thus raising another major controversy.

However, the chances are good that Heyns can keep the lid on campus—if he's left alone. For one thing, there seems to be little student support for more demonstrations to protest the suspensions, and it's doubtful that the teaching assistants will strike except as part of a major confrontation. The 95-page Study Commission report and its recommendations for radical reform have prompted a good deal of campus discussion. The dispute over the future of student government has cooled to serious talks between students and administrators. And both the activists and UC's officials would like time to do their own things and not jostle each other for awhile. But nothing has been done so far to prevent a repeat of last fall's campus tragedy when Stop the Draft Week comes again in April.

EDITING ON THE LEFT

MEMORIES AND CONVICTIONS

JAMES ARONSON
Mr. Aronson, a founder and for many years editor of the National Guardian, *also was on the staff of three major New York dailies. He is at present working on a book on the U.S. press and the cold war.*

Time magazine, I would suggest, perfected the mini-sneer. When the *National Guardian* published its first issue on October 18, 1948, *Time* described it as a "pink shoestring." Pink it was to some, and to others a guilty red. But whatever its tint, the shoestring never came untied.

In the early years, during which its editors and managers made half a dozen appearances as witnesses before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee (Eastland) and the Senate Subcommittee on Government Operations (McCarthy), the *Guardian* was variously described as "a virtual propaganda arm of the Soviet Union" (HUAC) and "the most flamboyant pro-Chinese publication in America" (columnists Evans and Novak). In fact, the *Guardian* was founded as, and remained, an independent and independently owned newsweekly which took strong issue with basic U.S. policy, both foreign and domestic. That is what produced the inquisitorial subpoenas—not the idiotic allegations of adherence to the "international Communist conspiracy." But it is axiomatic for most politicians and many pundits that any critic of basic U.S. policy must owe his allegiance to a foreign power or gaggle of such powers.

Actually, the genesis of the *National Guardian* was in Germany, in 1945, when Cedric Belfrage, co-founder and first editor of the *Guardian,* and I were engaged in a combined Allied operation (U.S., British, French) to help set up what was optimistically termed "the new free democratic German press" on the ruins of the Nazi press. We were so successful in giving the Germans a chance (which did not last long) to practice their profession honestly that we were most reluctant to go back to jobs on newspapers where freedom of expression was a lofty slogan in a masthead, but not a fact. As radicals, we felt the need for a new publication dedicated not, as were the existing publications on the radical Left, to sectarian polemics and opinion but to supplying factual news and interpretation in areas where the truth was suppressed or distorted.

But occupied Germany was not America and even newspaper men have families, so I went back to the *New York Post* and then to the Sunday *Times,* and Belfrage to free-lance writing. Not for long, however: the seed had been planted, the cold war was on, Henry A. Wallace, as Secretary of Commerce, made his courageous break with the Truman administration, and the Progressive Party was in formation, I resigned from the *Times* in April,

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1948, to join Belfrage full time in planning a new newsweekly.

With the help of an able and venturesome group of newspaper men and neophytes who rallied around in a borrowed upper Madison Avenue apartment, and with a most generous offer of technical help from J. W. Gitt, publisher of the *Gazette & Daily* of York, Pa., we published in York a preview issue (it was called *National Gazette*) in August, 1948. It had articles by an illustrious roster of stringers, some of whom became regulars: Max Werner, Frederick L. Schuman, the late Labor M.P. Konni Zilliacus, Louis Adamic, Anna Louise Strong, Arthur Calder-Marshall, James Higgins, John Lardner and James Dugan. We mailed it widely and got back 4,000 paid subscriptions at $4 each. The next step was to bang (successfully) on the doors of progressives of means, and we began publishing in New York on a regular basis, as the *National Guardian,* two weeks before the election. We had been joined by then in a managerial triumvirate by the late John T. McManus, film critic of the just expired newspaper *PM* and a long-time president of the Newspaper Guild of New York.

From the beginning, we knew that we could not compete with the news-gathering resources of the commercial press. We concentrated rather on being a watchdog of the press, following, unscrambling and analyzing the news and comment that appeared in the daily papers and the newsweeklies, and offering an antidote in the form of independently gathered news and comment that the general press would not print. In this latter area, we were far more successful abroad than at home. Many newspaper men and women in foreign countries, including American exiles, were eager to contribute for very little compensation to an American radical paper; except in the early days, the American working press shied away from the *Guardian,* refusing to write even under pseudonyms.

As the cold war intensified, our newspaper became a champion of its domestic victims, actual and potential. The great American witch hunt of the mid-20th century of course had its origins in the cold war. The conjunction of events—the Truman Doctrine and the reactivated Smith Act, the Korean War and McCarthy—were not accidental. In addition, on the civil rights front, the militant young black freedom movement was still in the offing, and there was a desperate need for journalistic campaigns on behalf of Willie McGee and Rosa Ingram, the Martinsville Seven and the Trenton Six, names barely recalled by a newer generation. In its second issue, the *Guardian* took up the Trenton case as a "new Scottsboro case" and, in a campaign which eventually reverberated from Europe because of *Guardian* stories, helped win a new trial and freedom for the victims of a gross injustice.

The cold war intensified in other areas, too. The Soviet Union decreed President Tito to be a renegade and revisionist and its friends all over the world almost unanimously echoed and accepted the decree. The *Guardian* did not. It carried sympathetic articles from Yugoslavia by Konni Zilliacus.

In the winter of 1949, Anna Louise Strong, the *Guardian*'s correspondent in Moscow, was arrested as a "well-known American espionage agent." The *Guardian* rejected the charge proffered without evidence and stood by its correspondent, despite harsh attacks from U.S. supporters of the Soviet Union. Belfrage and I undertook a quiet but insistent personal campaign of intervention with Eastern European diplomats to force Moscow to acknowledge the absurdity of the accusation. It did—after six years. Despite the physical and psychological agony of her experience, Miss Strong never denounced her faith in socialism. At 75, she is writing from Peking.

I dwell on these early years because they set the paper's standard and tone, and by a process of trial and error moved us to adopt a twofold approach:

(1) To make the Guardian *as nearly as possible indispensable reading for any intelligent American who wanted to know what the Left in America was thinking and doing and to get a balanced view of the opposing forces in the world.*

I say balanced rather than objective because journalistic objectivity is impossible of achievement. In this balance the *Guardian* was a counterweight to the general press which accepted and propagated basic U.S. policy and the virtue of the capitalist system. The *Guardian,* on the contrary, regarded U.S. policy and the capitalist system as the major sources of the world's problems. It did not as policy advocate socialism as an American alternative but insisted that it be discussed as a *possible* alternative and not as a horrid word. It offered a sympathetic presentation of news of the Socialist world, while reserving the right to be critical. It held that the peace of the world depended on an acceptance by the people of the West that socialism was here to stay. The first step toward that acceptance was the presentation of an accurate picture of the life and aspirations of the people living under socialism.

(2) To balance in its coverage news of general interest and news of service to a predominantly radical readership which looked to the Guardian *as a communications center, almost as a political lifeline, in default of a cohesive and coherent radical movement. Frequently these two purposes were joined by the impact of major events.*

Within this framework the fundamental policy of the paper was to maintain a flexibility of approach that enabled it to become a forum of the Left, and to count among its regular if not uncritical readership independent Socialists, Communists, Trotskyists, members of groups that had broken away from the Left parties, liberals and even conservatives who insisted on the right of a dissenting voice to be published in America. This flexibility countenanced neither a "no-position" stance nor an opportunistic approach which sought to cloak radicalism in another guise. The *Guardian* took many forthright and often unpopular positions and rejected from the outset any proposals to dilute its radical view to achieve respectability. Rather, it insisted that radicalism *was* respectable, in the clearest American tradition, and ought to take its proper place in the American political debate.

It was this policy of principled flexibility, I believe,

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that enabled the *Guardian* to persevere through two difficult decades—when many Left organizations and publications perished—and to achieve the grudging respect of its opponents. This flexibility, also, brought it respect abroad, in Moscow, Peking and Havana, where its articles and editorials were frequently reprinted, and in Western Europe and many neutralist Asian countries. If the *Guardian* was regarded by some as a prophet without honor in its own country, it served to demonstrate to the rest of the world that there was a core of sanity and clarity among the American people.

In my view, this approach to radical journalism remains sound. There are, of course, radical publications in the United States which champion one position or another in the debate taking place in a divided international Socialist movement. It follows also that an American radical movement must become a part of the international struggle against U.S. imperialism. But there is a great need for an independent radical newspaper that provides a forum for all points of view in the international debate; and there is an equally great need of such a forum for a public that has been drowned in words but has had little access to the actual arguments and background of the acknowledged division. An independent radical newspaper, in this sense, serves as a unifying force rather than as a divisive one. Its motivation is against the kind of splintering debate that distracts American radicals from the urgent fight at home against the American policy makers of war and racism.

When I spoke above of the joining of news of general interest with campaigns to mobilize support for a particular situation or point of view, I had in mind three specific episodes in the *Guardian*'s history: *(1)* The Rosenberg case, which the *Guardian* brought to world attention in a series of articles beginning in August, 1951, that launched a world-wide campaign to save the young couple; *(2)* the Korean War, which the *Guardian* opposed from its inception and whose impact, along with the McCarthy terror, caused the circulation to drop from 55,000 to 22,000 in one year; *(3)* the Mark Lane brief for Lee Harvey Oswald, after the assassination of President Kennedy, which was probably the most widely reprinted article in the *Guardian*'s history.

The first two instances had serious and near-serious consequences for the *Guardian*; the third had an impact in this country and abroad whose extent cannot be measured until the truth of the assassination is revealed—if it ever is.

In May, 1953, one month before the execution of the Rosenbergs, Belfrage and I were subpoenaed to appear before the McCarthy committee. (Belfrage was then editor and I was executive editor.) The ostensible purpose of the call was an investigation of U.S. participation in the German press operation in 1945; actually, the committee concentrated on the *Guardian* in particular and its interest in the Rosenberg case. As a result of his appearance, Belfrage, a British citizen, was arrested and held for deportation. He spent four months in prison without being charged in the course of a two-year struggle to reverse the deportation order. The effort was unavailing and he left the United States in August, 1955. He thus became the *Guardian*'s editor in exile. I succeeded him as the editor in residence.

The aftermath of Korea brought new summonses—for general manager McManus and myself—to the Eastland committee in 1956, again ostensibly for another interest than the *Guardian*. Eastland was furious with *The New York Times* for its editorials denouncing his stand on civil rights. He sought to embarrass the *Times* by subpoenaing present and past members of its editorial staff who might be suspected of left-wing associations. McManus and I were alumni. Before Eastland, the questioning got away from the *Times* and on to the *Guardian* and its publication, a few years earlier, of the names of U.S. prisoners of war in North Korea. The names had been obtained from North Korean broadcasts, printed in the *China Monthly Review*, an English language publication edited by John W. Powell, Jr., and published in Shanghai. The U.S. Government, we knew, had also monitored the broadcasts but had refused to make the names public. We did—and within days were getting hundreds upon hundreds of letters, asking for information, from wives and parents of men listed as missing in action. We supplied it where we could. It was one of the most moving experiences of my career. But the Eastland committee was not so moved and we narrowly escaped a sedition charge.

The area that caused perhaps the greatest conflict between the *Guardian* and some groups on the Left, and surely produced the greatest turbulence in the letters column, was domestic politics. A founding principle of the *Guardian* was to advocate a political alternative to the two major political parties, which we regarded as essentially one. We supported the candidacy of Wallace in 1948 and of Vincent Hallinan in 1952 on the Progressive ticket. We rejected the "lesser evil" position and refused to endorse Stevenson, Kennedy or Johnson in the succeeding elections. We did, on several occasions, and particularly in state or local elections, endorse a Socialist candidate if one were on the ballot.

This independent view brought us into conflict with the Communist Party which put forth the "mainstream" theory—that the bulk of the working people were in the Democratic Party and it was therefore the function of radicals to work within that party to push it toward a more progressive position. We felt that radicals would be swallowed up by the Democratic Party apparatus and would have at best only the most limited effectiveness. But the lesser-evil theory had a tenacious quadrennial grip on the American electorate and the debate among *Guardian* readers became harsh indeed at election season.

After the elections, when the *status quo* emerged unruffled from the hustings, and the canceled subscriptions were reinstated, there came the inevitable flood of letters urging the *Guardian* to take the lead in forming a third party. The reasoning ran thus: the *Guardian* had readers in all the states and they could form the nucleus of political clubs; there was no one else to do the job.

The hopes and frustrations of the urgers were clear; the practical politics less so. No newspaper or publication

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can be a political party, nor can it be the organizer of one. It can guide, instruct, inform and encourage, but it cannot organize. A newsweekly with a small staff, however able, based in New York, with three-fourths of its readership spread throughout the country, and with obviously limited funds, can be a focal point and clearing house for information for political organizers in the field. But the job of organizing is precisely there, in the communities, with an apparatus either regional or national, functioning with a program or a set of ideas, building a movement which a radical newspaper can publicize and support. The newspaper may even become the organ of a party or movement, but first there must be a movement or party in existence or being built. The great dilemma of the American opposition today, and particularly on the questions of the war in Vietnam and the struggle against racism, is that there is no such movement or party. It is an illusion that *activity* on the Left constitutes a *movement*.

Within this reality, the *Guardian* warmly welcomed and publicized every activity that could burgeon into movement: the rise of the young militants in the South that gave birth to the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, and the activities on the campuses which led to the Students for a Democratic Society and the DuBois Clubs. In the last few years the resistance by young people to the *Guardian* as a representative of the "old Left" has gradually disappeared. The increase in readership among young people might have been greater had it not been for the emergence of a number of small independent local publications, the so-called "underground press," in university communities. This is a natural development in a time of disillusion and in many respects a welcome one, however discouraging it may be to the circulation of a radical paper.

The tidy printed page of a radical paper hides a fairly untidy scramble to insure survival. After the early euphoria of the Progressive Party days and the expenditure of considerable sums of money in futile attempts to achieve mass circulation, we settled down to stabilizing what we accepted as a respectably sizable readership and a permanent financial crisis. This was accomplished by involving almost the entire readership in financing the paper. Two annual appeal letters were sent out and a "Buck of the Month Club" formed through which readers gave, for example, at least $5 above their $7 subscription price. Appeals in the paper itself—except at one critical time in 1949—were banished as a public death rattle. That very special 1949 appeal did in fact bring a savior, a most gracious Chicagoan named Anita McCormick Blaine, cousin of the *Tribune*'s Colonel McCormick.

The problems of staffing a radical newspaper increased with time. The original staff—there was almost no turnover in the first twelve years—was made up largely of experienced newspaper men with some political background. When some of them left, mainly for economic reasons, the aim was to bring on younger people who could be trained for a future with the *Guardian* or elsewhere in radical journalism. In the 1950s, in the wake of McCarthy, almost no young candidates applied, but in the early 1960s the situation changed dramatically. Job applications poured in and several young people were hired. This caused a sharp drop in the average age of the staff, and an increase in conflicts between older hands with political experience, and younger hands with almost no political experience, but with strong opinions about past and future politics. Interestingly enough, the debate soon crossed generation lines and the divisions in the editorial conferences often could not be defined.

Set forth in capsule form, some of the conclusions of my nineteen years with the *Guardian* are as follows:

- An independent radical newspaper engenders hostility on the Right and unfortunately in some measure on the Left.
- It is a luxurious myth that an editor of a radical newspaper can confine his work to being an editor: he must also be a writer, copy reader, fund raiser, public speaker and traveler, a teacher of journalism and sometimes a psychologist willing if not always qualified to cope with the problems of an often undisciplined and financially undernourished staff and an articulate and often belligerent readership. It is not an ideal estate.
- Without the regular participation of agents who adhere to a political party or apparatus (and today perhaps even with them) there is little hope in the climate that has persisted through the cold-war years that a radical newspaper can achieve a mass circulation or even survive without subsidy by its readership or by large-scale contributions.
- The press of the nation, with rare exceptions, demonstrates a persistent hostility to its radical brothers, to the extent of refusing to publish even startling new material if the source is a radical newspaper. A case in point was the brilliant reportage by Wilfred G. Burchett from inside the National Liberation Front areas of South Vietnam and from North Vietnam. He "scooped" Harrison Salisbury by almost two years, but the press ignored the *Guardian*'s stories and releases.

I left the *Guardian* at the end of April, 1967. My departure was voluntary but was motivated by a profound disagreement with members of the staff on the role and function of a radical newsweekly. It was a prevailing staff view that the *Guardian* had failed because its circulation remained at 28,000 and that it was not responsive to the hopes and aspirations of a "young and growing radical movement." My position was that while the potential of young radicals was self-evident and their searching independence ought by all means to be encouraged, they had not in fact manifested themselves as a movement or even a cohesive force. I felt further that when young radicals had advanced to the stage of accepting a set of principles for the practice of politics, they would seek unity with radicals of all ages. In such a situation and toward this end a newspaper such as the *Guardian* ought to be, as it had always been, the voice of an entire radical movement and not a segment of it. Finally, I was convinced that young people expect of a radical newsweekly what radicals of all ages expect of it: the most informed and expert news and commentary and service information available to advance their ideas and influence their fellows.

Success for a radical newspaper cannot be measured in terms of circulation. The respect and prestige which the *Guardian* achieved may, I believe, be credited to two

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factors: *(1)* that it was first a newspaper and second a political entity; *(2)* that it maintained a policy of flexibility without yielding on principle.

More than ever, in the present absence of a viable political movement, a radical newspaper has an unusual responsibility. The general press has failed dismally in its duty to provide factual information and criticize government. This failure has never been more clearly demonstrated than in this cold-war generation. Despite a random flicker of dissent that is permitted in its pages, as though to keep the franchise of the First Amendment whose protection it has so roundly abused, the press has in fact become a voluntary arm of government and abandoned its role of public service. In this situation the radical newspaper is essential as the conscience of the nation and its source of honest information.

INDIA'S POLITICAL SCRAMBLE

VED P. NANDA

Mr. Nanda is an assistant professor of law at the University of Denver Law School, having himself been a Sterling Fellow at the Yale Law School. He is an Indian by birth and citizenship, and has recently returned from an extended visit to that country.

The ruling Congress Party suffered serious reverses and lost control of six states in the fourth general election held in India in February, 1967. In subsequent months, major defections from Congress ranks have strengthened the opposition and helped topple Congress governments in four more of the seventeen Indian states. The opposition now rules a major part of India. Even in the Lok Sabha (Lower House of Parliament) the Congress majority is now only 279 out of 515 (it was 358 out of 491 in the previous Parliament), a none too comfortable margin for a party which had virtually no opposition from 1947 to 1962. If defections continue, a non-Congress or coalition government could perhaps take power in New Delhi.

The composition of the non-Congress State governments fairly reflects the transitional nature of Indian politics. They are mostly coalitions run by united fronts. Heterogeneous political elements with conflicting ideologies that initially shared nothing but an intense anti-Congress feeling, they now agree on minimal programs for their ministries. Notable exceptions to this form are Delhi state, which has a clear Jana Sangh (Peoples' Party) majority, and Madras, with an absolute majority of a regional party, Dravida Munetra Kadgam (DMK).

United fronts range from a coalition of the rightist Swatantra (Freedom Party) and Socialists in Orissa, to the formation of a United Leftist front in West Bengal, and a coalition of the Left (Peking) and the Right (Moscow) Communists with Socialists and Muslim League (a militant communal Muslim party) in Kerala. The states of Bihar and Uttar Pradesh feature an incredible combination of traditional enemies—Communists, Socialists, Swatantra, Jana Sangh and dissident Congress representatives. These united front governments have serious organizational problems, clashing interests, and conflicting and contending policies to espouse, but for the time being they are an integral part of the Indian political scene.

Congress has been losing elections mainly because it has lost its pre-independence character of a national movement. Ideological differences within Congress, which were submerged during the struggle against the British, came into the open after independence in 1947. Although Congress proclaimed its shift to the Left under Nehru's leadership, the change featured was a matter more of slogans than of practice. As a result, dissatisfied elements in Congress, with strong Left or Right leanings, started Socialist or Swatantra parties. Nevertheless, pre-independence attachments to the party and the symbolic power of Gandhi and Nehru maintained a semblance of party unity.

The 1962 Indo-Chinese border war, however, greatly damaged the prestige of both Congress and Nehru, and deepened the ideological rifts within the party. On the domestic scene, Congress failed to ameliorate the Indian economic conditions. Rising prices, low agricultural yield, semi-famine conditions in some parts, increasing disparity between rich and poor, and the growing stench of corruption and nepotism shook popular faith in Congress leadership.

An already shaky situation became worse in 1964 when Nehru died. This deprived Congress of its focus, and resulted in a shift of power from New Delhi to the state leaders, further encouraging factional and opportunistic tendencies within the party.

Lal Bahadur Shastri's emergence as a national hero, especially during the 1965 conflict with Pakistan, made it seem for a time that Congress was regaining its lost prestige. But Shastri died too soon to leave a lasting imprint on the party. His successor, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, a compromise candidate, weak, inept and indecisive, with a limited understanding of Indian problems, further damaged the Congress position.

Congress entered the 1967 elections lacking unity, a strong leader, firm and consistent policies and popular appeal. It polled less than 40 per cent of the total votes, losing a big chunk of middle-class and lower-middle-class support to Jana Sangh and non-Communist Left groups, and the support of industrialists, big business and feudal elements to Swatantra. The party also failed to attract the younger voters, who were neither grateful for the pre-independence heroism of Congress, nor awed by the conduct of present Congress leaders in office, nor convinced by its accomplishments since independence. Peasant and labor votes and bloc votes of communities such as

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Harijans (the so-called untouchables) and Muslims defected to the Communists and non-Communists alike. Congress had kept these blocs in line by making them believe that it alone could safeguard their interests. Foreign policy did not play any significant role in the Congress loss at the polls. Domestic problems completely preoccupied the electorate.

Prime Minister Indira Gandhi

The opposition also played an important role in the Congress defeat. Learning from the previous three elections, when the non-Congress vote was split among several candidates, opposition parties united in a concerted effort against Congress. In many constituencies they were able to agree upon a single candidate to run against the Congress nominee.

The woes of Congress are probably not over; it is likely to lose much more ground in future elections. The blatant failure of its planning policies, especially in agriculture, has caused widespread resentment and indignation. The party organization itself will continue to disintegrate from the serious internal rivalries which have plagued it since 1947.

The recent dismissal by New Delhi of the united front governments in West Bengal and Haryana is not likely to help. In an almost identical situation, the Communist ministry in Kerala was dismissed after the 1957 elections. At that time, Congress constituted a formidable opposition in Kerala; but in the 1967 elections it managed to win only nine of 133 seats in the Kerala state assembly.

The electorate in West Bengal is so disillusioned by Congress that, notwithstanding New Delhi accusations that pro-Peking Communists are inciting violence and disorder there as a prelude to armed revolution, leftist groups will perhaps still retain power if the midterm elections are held. Any seats lost by pro-Peking Communists are more likely to go to other leftists than to Congress. Similar elections in Haryana could perhaps result in further consolidation and strengthening of the dissident Congress-Jana Sangh coalition.

In the next elections, for the first time, Congress will go to the polls not as the dominant force in Indian politics but as an equal, in some states even junior, partner with other opposition parties. Formation of non-Congress governments on the state level has already raised new and younger leaders to compete with the dwindling, aging and tired Congress leadership. Coalition governments have also drawn the opposition parties into closer units, which might polarize forces on the Right and Left, with a moderate party in the middle. Under the impact of the polarization process, Congress may either break up in the process or be faced with division in its ranks. Splinter Congress groups could develop and collaborate with opposition parties, both Left and Right. Armed conflicts on the Himalayan border with China, or in Kashmir with Pakistan might speed the polarization, but would not help Congress to regain its lost political ground. In any outcome, political defeat seems inevitable.

Any doubts about the impending end of the Congress era were resolved for me in a recent visit to several capitals of the non-Congress governments, including Delhi and Bhopal. Bhopal is the capital of Madhya Pradesh (Central India), the latest state to form a non-Congress government. The Chief Minister of Madhya Pradesh, a veteran politician and a dissident Congress member, the deputy Chief Minister, a young Jana Sangh man, and their hard-working, enthusiastic and imaginative colleagues in the cabinet impressed me greatly with their desire to develop a new quality of leadership. Vijay Malhotra, 34, Chief Executive of Delhi State and a former professor of literature, said to me: "Now that Congress is definitely on the way out, the opposition is determined to deliver the goods." On the future of Congress, the deputy Chief Minister of Bihar, K. Thakur, observed: "Congress had already lost its 'head' with the formation of non-Congress governments in all the states of North India. It lost its 'legs' when non-Congress ministries came into power in Madras and Kerala in the south. And now, with the toppling of the Madhya Pradesh government, it has also lost its heart."

Even if Congress does not split or indeed collapse in the near future, three possibilities remain after it loses power in New Delhi: (*1*) a breakdown of democracy and a military take-over; (*2*) polarization of political forces on the Left and the Right, with the emergence of an effective political party in the middle uniting Jana Sangh, moderate Socialist and moderate Congress elements, and (*3*) a Congress comeback.

Given the exclusive recruitment policies of the Indian army, which draws its personnel from selected caste

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Climbing Norman's Ladder

MAKING IT. *By Norman Podhoretz. Random House. 360 pp. $6.95.*

MORDECAI RICHLER
Mr. Richler is a Canadian novelist now living in England. He is the author of The Apprenticeship of Dudie Kravitz *(Little, Brown) and* Stick Your Neck Out *(Simon & Schuster). His novel,* Cocksure, *will be published in March by Simon & Schuster.*

The literary progeny of a brilliant, influential, but astonishingly smug body of New York writers, what Norman Podhoretz calls "the family," has taken to flagellating itself, squabbling over who is fit to inherit the coat of many colors, in a manner that strikes me as deplorably inbred. And coarse. To carve one another up, in earlier, less highly publicized days, the patriarchs at least created magazines *(Commentary, Partisan Review)*, went to the artistic trouble of disguising one another in novels, and did in fact produce relevant and outward-looking social criticism, as well as memoirs of some beauty. Today the noisiest of the children, parochial school kids, speak only each to each, castigating one another in *Esquire* (Baldwin on Mailer), or in acutely embarrassing collections of essays (Chicago cousin once removed Nelson Algren, in his *Notes From A Sea Diary*), or in bitchy estimates of the other talent in the nursery (Mailer's *Advertisements For Myself* and subsequent grab bags).

Something has gone wrong, profoundly wrong, when a group of talented writers disdain their natural material, which I still take to be nonliterary society, in order to flay one another in print.

If, in the decent past, the emphasis was on literary performance, now the spotlight is on the performer. It's the personality, not the writing, that is offered for our admiration. The prime and most compulsively readable exponent of this so-called confessional stuff is, of course, Norman Mailer, who is increasingly known for nothing but being Mailer—not so much a writer as the embattled, problem-ridden personality we cheer on. *Our* Judy Garland.

Something of a country cousin myself, only an occasional visitor to New York, I have, over the years, absorbed a juicy bit or two simply by following the proliferating family squabbles in print. And so I'm well aware (as who isn't?) that the children don't play together nicely. Take James Baldwin, for instance. He has the *chutzpah* to call Norman Mailer a middle-class Jew. "I hope I do not need to say no sneer is implied in the above description of Norman." *But,* Mailer reveals, not middle class enough for uppity Jackie Kennedy, who doesn't answer his letters and wouldn't have him to the White House like that nice Saul Bellow. Nelson Algren, on the other hand, caricatures Baldwin as the lisping, effeminate Giovanni Johnson, and describes Mailer as Norman Manlifellow, a man wearing a sandwich board advertising himself, and lacking in courage. Not so, protests Mailer, revealing in a hitherto unpublished letter to Robert Silvers, well known for being a "post-middlebrow," that after seven other chickens were too scared to review Mary McCarthy's *The Group* in *The New York Review of Books,* cocksure Norman obliged. After Hemingway, such are our *cojones.*

And now Norman Podhoretz, baring his own flick-knife, has—ill-advisedly, I think—joined the rumble. In *Making It,* he stands up for Mailer, a writer whom he admires but, on the evidence of this essay in autobiography, still an undigested influence. Podhoretz admits that Susan Sontag, the youngest member of the third generation, had an even more rapid rise to attention than he did, but then she had the same rich black hair as the young Mary McCarthy. What clinched family attention for Podhoretz, he writes, was a long and unfavorable review of Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March.* Bellow didn't approve, and wrote a lengthy letter of recrimination to *Commentary,* sending copies to a dozen or more people. Furthermore, Podhoretz writes, Baldwin's famous piece *The Fire Next Time,* was originally commissioned by *Commentary* and sold to *The New Yorker* in an unethical deal made behind Podhoretz's back. And so, if Baldwin thinks Mailer is a middle-class Jew, well, he turns out to be a grasping Negro himself. Podhoretz told Baldwin that "he had dared to commit such a dastardly act because he was a Negro, and had been counting on white-liberal guilt. . . ." This, alas, will not be the end. Even now I imagine Baldwin is writing a piece that will explain how Podhoretz attempted to jew him out of *The Fire Next Time,* trying to fob him off with six hundred bucks when *The New Yorker* was offering twelve thousand.

On and on it goes, the titillating trivia, the snitching, without dignity or relevance.

Making It, Mailer's outpourings, the broadsides by Algren and Baldwin, all belong to a genre with intolerable show-biz characteristics. To begin with, there is the arrogant assumption that a big name on a book jacket, like a star's mere appearance in a film, is a sufficient enticement, and that intelligent readers outside New York, like filmgoers in the sticks, can be gratified, even dazzled, simply to be allowed to bask in the reflected glitter. As Dean Martin, Sinatra and their obnoxious camp followers tease us with puerile inside jokes about the Rat Pack, or Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor retail the details of their private lives, so Podhoretz, Mailer and the rest would seem to believe us thrilled by a behind-the-scenes peek at New York literary society, its scandals, its fevers. Well, then, let me get this much straight. I have a continuing interest in *the works* of Trilling, Rahv, Dwight Macdonald, Mailer, Fiedler, Baldwin, Podhoretz and other family figures, but I've had more than enough of the grubby details of their careerist adventures and feuds. Put another way my reverence for *Ulysses* does not extend to an interest in the prescription for James Joyce's spectacles or his laundry list. I, too, suffer small insults, ailments and tradesmen's bills. But I am unable to create anything as splendid as *Ulysses.* Ultimately, the family will be judged not by its self-advertised intrigues, quarrels and jealousies, which is after all what it has in common with any other closely knit professional group, whether they be dentists or lawyers, but for its signal failure, for all the racketing so far, to produce one individual work of enduring art. As things stand, though Malamud, Mailer and Saul Bellow, especially, have all done some first-rate work, the family is most celebrated for having produced a succession of inspired Rashis (editors, critics and pedagogues) with a weakness for boring symposium (*PR, Commentary, Encounter*) and without, as yet, a Talmud to call their own. No Joyce. No Yeats.

Among the younger literary commentators, Norman Podhoretz has shown himself to be an undoubtedly astute editor and critic, but *Making It,* aside from the engaging early chapters, strikes me as a coarse, badly conceived book.

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It is Norman Podhoretz's contention that he suffered a dichotomy in his American education. Encouraged, on the one hand, to pursue success and worldly pleasures, he was taught, on the other hand, that success was the worst form of corruption. Ambition, he argues, "seems to be replacing erotic lust as the prime dirty little secret of the well-educated American soul," and then he goes on to say that at the age of 35 he recognized that he'd rather be rich than poor; he enormously enjoys money, power and fame, which is only shocking in that it shocks Podhoretz. Nevertheless, out of this contradiction, Podhoretz might have fashioned an essay or memoir as fresh and startling as "My Negro Problem—And Ours," which he rightly takes to be his most original piece. Instead he has force-fed a fat and gossipy book onto a structure unable to sustain it.

I do not object to *Making It*, because, as Podhoretz argues in his introduction, it's a confessional work and "to the extent that it deliberately expresses an order of feeling in myself, and by implication in others, it obviously constitutes the betrayal of a dirty little secret and thereby a violation of certain standards of tastefulness." No, no. I object because the book, touching, deeply felt, when it deals with the author's formative years, rapidly declines into gossip and trade talk once he begins to mix with "important" people. *Making It* is choked with the sort of anecdotes about Podhoretz himself, other writers and editors, that I, as another writer, would find immensely entertaining if told over a shared bottle of whisky, but committed to print embarrasses by dint of its triviality. If, as we were once told, opinion isn't literature, neither is gossip criticism.

Let me take just two brief examples. The revelation that Bellow wrote a lengthy letter protesting Podhoretz's review of *Augie March* is amusing, juicy stuff, but it neither heightens nor diminishes my feelings about the novel, and I look to Podhoretz, a critic I respect, for illuminations and to Leonard Lyons, if you like, for keyhole tidbits. Similarly, the dispute with Baldwin. Baldwin's celebrated essay and Podhoretz's reply are both important pieces, the kind of writing I value, but the behind-the-scenes quarrel between them doesn't interest me.

Again and again, I feel Podhoretz fails to recognize his proper material. He will go on and on, for instance, about the hazards of the trade: his ups and downs with *The New Yorker*, writer's blocks, and what *Show* magazine paid. But he can actually dismiss in a paragraph the fact that for ten weeks it was his army job to interview incoming recruits and decide what sort of work they should be doing, if they survived basic training—which seems a deplorable waste of fresh material.

Making It can also be read as the story of a raw young provincial, in this case from Brooklyn, coming to the capital resolved to seek out the company of the famous, and acquire fame, fortune and social position. Like the incomparable James Boswell riding into London in 1762. But where Boswell differs from Podhoretz is not only in having a Dr. Johnson, and a redeeming sense of humor about his own machinations, but also in that he was consumed with curiosity about ordinary people as well, the passing scene, so that *his* making it is filled with lavish detail about the times, public hangings, coffeehouse dialogues, the theatres, public houses, bordellos and streets.

A closer analogy to *Making It*, perhaps, Alfred Kazin's *A Walker in the City* and *Starting Out in the Thirties*, which can be seen as one book, is also loaded with tender detail about ordinary people. Alas Podhoretz, typical of latter-day family figures, seems to have an eye only for his own ego, an eye turned inward to reveal that his motives for writing are mixed, his ambitions are sometimes crippling, and that some days he behaves opportunistically and other days he hates going into the office at all, which is to say that he is no better, no worse, than the rest of us writers, shoemakers, junior executives, social service workers, plumbers, and so forth. This isn't scandalous, as publisher and author both daringly suggest, and which I, for one, would not have minded. But neither is it news, and that's bad.

A Land of Lost Identities

THE THIRD POLICEMAN. *By Flann O'Brien. Walker & Co. 200 pp. $4.95.*

KEVIN SULLIVAN

Mr. Sullivan is associate dean of the Graduate Faculties at Columbia University, and the author of Joyce Among the Jesuits *(Columbia University Press).*

The appearance of a contemporary classic is a sufficiently rare event that one would expect it to be hailed with appropriate public jubilation. But for almost thirty years now Flann O'Brien's extraordinary novel *At Swim Two Birds* has had hardly any public at all—and this despite its enthusiastic reception by people like James Joyce, Graham Greene, William Saroyan, whose discernment in this may be the one quality they had in common. The novel was first published in 1939, and its early neglect has been explained as one of the first literary casualties of World War II. Only in Ireland and in certain parts of academic America has it received anything like the recognition it deserved. But even in Ireland and America Flann O'Brien was an in-group figure, and the reason for this may be that in reality he was frequently a couple of other people.

He was born, or at least christened, Brian O'Nolan—a name which, though as euphonious as Lionel Trilling or Edna St. Vincent Millay, he reserved for private life and that part of his public career which was spent as a senior officer in the Irish civil service. In more public appearances as columnist for the *Irish Times* he was Myles na Gopaleen, a pseudonym borrowed from a minor character in Gerald Griffin's *The Collegians*, or perhaps from the major character in Dion Boucicault's foamy dramatization of Griffin's novel. Under the same alias he has written *An Beal Bocht* (*The Poor Mouth*) a satire on the Irish language revival in which, as Benedict Kiely noted, he demonstrated the success of that revival insofar as such a book could be written in Irish. As Flann O'Brien, the third of his personalities, he has written plays for the Abbey Theatre—*Faustus Kelly* was produced there in 1943—and three other novels: *The Hard Life, The Dalkey Archives* and the present work, *The Third Policeman.*

This last novel is posthumous and may perhaps be said to be so in more ways than one. It was written in 1940 but not published until 1967, a year after the author's death. It is also a book about a man who is already dead, though the reader is not aware of this till the end, the dead man being the author of his own history—a sort of autothanatography. "When you are writing about the world of the dead," Flann O'Brien has said elsewhere, "none of the rules and laws (not even the law of gravity) holds good." This opens up all kinds of possibilities for grim fun which O'Brien exploits with dead-pan comic grace.

The form of the book is a circular *decensus Averni* and the idea behind it is set down briefly in a note of the author's which the publisher has sensibly included here as an appendix: "The beginning of the unfinished, the rediscovery of the familiar, the reexperience of the already suffered, the fresh forgetting of the unremembered. Hell goes round and round. In shape it is circular

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GOING HOME

The train speeds south
past dumped chemical wastes,
heaps of yellow slag thrust up in the marsh grass—
The oil waste torches of the refineries
billow up flame and black smoke,
the stench seeping in through
the windows of the coach,
clinging to clothes,
the face

The thin, gray waters
move sluggish in the reeds
move amongst the pilings of the billboards

Boys play basketball in an empty lot
their thin bodies lifting and falling
slowly in the early winter dusk

and slowly the flat Jersey earth
fans out to the horizon:
sea-earth, corrugated,
draining swamps and streams to the sea:
brute, ugly cities
dynamic stumps bunched up against
the light alkaline sky

Winter grass brilliant green
in the dying light

The smooth pull of the train south
taking me, the child, deeper into it
and lights of the towns coming on,
the neon sign of a lone bar out on a highway,
speed by and are gone
The sky suspended now between darkness and light—
the towns
as though grieving there
stunned
in the marshland
heavy as death
a heavy bloodedness over the landscape
a throbbing pain in the air
Death animates this place—
the rushing land
more vivid now
as though by death
life stirs more poignantly

The child asks:
If he's in the box
how will he eat?
If he's in the box
will he know what his name is?
What will his name be now?

Out the window
night drops
like a lid

MICHAEL RUMAKER

THE UGLY MAN

The ugly is my
adornment, more
palpable than
all lathe-turned

beauty—young
queens and their
courts, spit-shined
officers

held together
with lanyard
and braid, puppets
all knife edge

and glitter.
My ugliness blooms
as afternoon comes.
By four

I am a hunchback
and leper
with a foot
like a tree stump.

I thud
along halls,
shattering mirrors
with glances.

For music
I cough and spit,
bleat and bray—
I must kill

the beauty
in my voice,
the last blemish,
and learn impediments,

lisping and
stammering until
my whole
hunched bulk

becomes a club
that beats
the world
blind.

VERN RUTSALA

HAMPTON BAYS

In this tiny station
near the supermarket
I feel as far away from you
as if I were winter in Minnesota
pushed back by the friendless color
and the constant murmur
of well-piled lumber.

We are
like a funeral procession
delayed
our hands are clammy
and beneath my tie
the wind enters.

Tonight the cars do not move
they wait like a gang of rustlers
felled by the mute regularity.

SERGE GAVRONSKY

STEPPING OUT

If I could collect the jewels
from broken strings rolling
on the floor of feeling
to sort them in bowls labelled
by cut, clearness and color
I'd step out nightly
clapping like a gypsy,
with foreign tongues spangling
my wrists, a hail of crystal
eyes at my neck—loop
upon loop, and in my hinged ring
the garnet of your heart.

CAROLYN STOLOFF

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and by nature it is interminable, repetitive and very nearly unbearable."

The idea is not new; what is new is Flann O'Brien's ingenious embodiment of the idea in a series of weird and comical illustrations and in the singleness of their accumulative effect. Though summary is a thankless task, it will best serve to indicate both the simplicity and complexity of the comic genius here at work.

The anonymous narrator, a strange sort of Irish countryman, has conspired with a man named Divney to murder a rich old farmer and steal his cash box. After the murder, a savage and bloody affair, he goes to the farmer's house to fetch the box and as his fingers touch the lid the whole of his world is suddenly and utterly transmogrified. The dead farmer is alive again, the narrator's soul—"called Joe for convenience"—is present to him as a disembodied voice, and the cash box has been mysteriously transplanted to a police barracks located some distance away.

At the barracks the narrator is met by Sergeant Pluck, a man obsessed by bicycles, and Policeman MacCruiskeen, whose obsession it is to construct exquisite little boxes, one fitted within another Chinese-fashion, and the last so tiny and exquisitely made as to be entirely invisible. These two gentlemen, acting as guides and guardians to the narrator, introduce him to a place underground that looks like eternity, take readings and measurements on unknown instruments, and patiently explain to him the all-sufficient properties of a substance called omnium and the Law of the Interchange of Atomic Particles.

"Michael Gilhaney," says Sergeant Pluck, "is an example of a man that is nearly banjaxed from the principles of the Atomic Theory. Would it astonish you to hear that he is nearly half a bicycle?" But nothing really astonishes where all is astonishment, and the narrator, at one point condemned to be hanged, can still carry on with the policemen an amiable discussion of the technical difficulties to be encountered in gallows building and the unconscionable price of wood. All this fine talk—and there is no end to it—is conducted in what Anthony Burgess has called "Irish solecistic sesquipedalian raised to the ultimate power."

In the end the narrator returns to visit his accomplice, Divney, after what he thinks is an absence of only a few days. Actually it is twenty years later and Divney is quite literally scared to death at the sight of him. The justice of this is apparent in the knowledge now that it was Divney who had planted a bomb in the cash box that had blown the narrator to hell. Thereupon the two men set out across the same pleasant but breathless and static landscape through which the quest for that unholy grail had been begun. They encounter Sergeant Pluck. "Is it about a bicycle?" he asks. The wheel has come full circle. Behind Pluck is MacCruiskeen, and behind him the third policeman of the title. "Hell goes round and round."

Learned papers may yet be written about the identity of that third policeman, but nothing more will be said here. O'Brien adumbrates one kind of academic commentary by interesting his narrator in the work of a weird philosopher named De Selby whose queer theories (on the nature of darkness, for example, as "black air") are expounded in footnotes accompanying the narrative and comprising a pedantic comment upon it.

De Selby also supplies one of the two epigraphs for the novel: "Human existence being an hallucination containing in itself the secondary hallucinations of day and night (the latter an insanitary condition of the atmosphere due to accretions of black air) it ill becomes any man of sense to be concerned at the illusory approach of the supreme hallucination known as death." The second epigraph is from Shakespeare:

Since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

This epigraphic conjunction of De Selby and Shakespeare is not mere whimsy.

It has been said that the uncertain nature of Irish society has militated against the form of the novel as an imitation of men and manners within a

POETRY EDITOR

In keeping with *The Nation*'s tradition of a rotating poetry editorship, Michael Goldman is resigning after two years of distinguished and vigorous service and will be replaced by John Logan.

Mr. Logan has taught at Notre Dame, San Francisco State, the University of Washington, and is currently professor of English at the State University of New York in Buffalo. He also conducts a Poetry Workshop at the YMHA Poetry Center in New York and is the editor of *Choice*, a magazine of poetry and photography published in Chicago. He is the author of three books of poetry, *Cycle for Mother Cabrini*, *Ghosts of the Heart* and *Spring of the Thief*, and has completed the manuscript for a fourth. He was awarded the Miles Modern Poetry Award for 1967.

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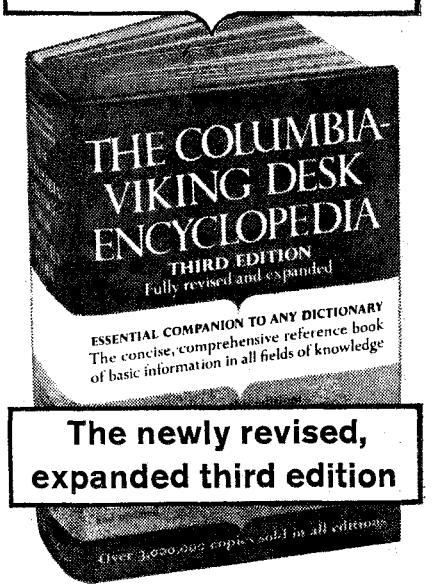
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coherent social context, and that it encourages the writing of short stories which concentrate on individual chunks or fragments of that society—"slices of life" as the critical commonplace has it. The point is debatable, but so far as it is true one can understand why the novel has abandoned its traditional form in the hands of writers like Joyce, Beckett and O'Brien.

Manners do not interest them because men do not exist for them within a definable social structure; men are metaphysical jokes whose identity, or lack of it, tantalize the writer into the act of writing. The completed act is profoundly moral in its implications and frequently comic in elaboration. It starts and ends with man, as Shakespeare does, and not afraid to "reason with the worst that may befall," it veers constantly toward a kind of nihilism—Joyce escaping out of or above history, Beckett disappearing into the silence on the other side of language, and O'Brien moving with straight-faced gaiety into nonexistence itself, an anonymous land of lost identities.

It is no surprise then that on the first page of *At Swim Two Birds* O'Brien should announce that "One beginning and one ending for a book was a thing I did not agree with. A good book may have three openings entirely dissimilar and inter-related only in the prescience of the author, or for that matter one hundred times as many endings." Having said which, he proceeded to write exactly that kind of book—a novel of sorts but really *sui generis*.

A reader coming from *At Swim Two Birds* to *The Third Policeman* will be reminded again of Joyce, though it would be a mistake to exaggerate the influence. For there are other shades of influence lying over these pages, some vague, some wry, all right to the purpose and utterly transformed from the shape at their source, those of Swift and Berkeley, Sterne and Yeats, Kafka and Pirandello, and even of little Father Prout, alias Francis Sylvester Mahony, jogging along under the enveloping white shade of Dante Alighieri. But these are only shadows, the substance is all O'Brien. *The Third Policeman* secures his place, already indicated by *At Swim Two Birds*, as the most original comic artist, after Joyce, to come out of Ireland in this century.

Subsidy Contamination

THE AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. *Edited by Henry Swoboda. Basic Books. 208 pp. $5.95.*

THE GREAT CONDUCTORS. *By Harold C. Schonberg. Simon & Schuster. 384 pp. $7.50.*

RICHARD FREEDMAN
Mr. Freedman teaches at Simmons College and the Harvard Extension. He has written for The Kenyon Review, Book Week *and* Saturday Review.

The American Symphony Orchestra is a non-book consisting of seventeen taped lectures and interviews originally broadcast by the Voice of America for the edification of our friends abroad. Composers, conductors, critics and musical middlemen respond to a variety of questions about the state of symphonic music in the United States today, which on the whole they find to be comfortingly healthy.

The issue here, of course, is government sponsorship of symphony orchestras. Given its auspices, one is hardly surprised to find a preponderance of opinion in the book opposed to government subsidy. The most forthright spokesman for free enterprise is Samuel R. Rosenbaum, a member of the USIA's Music Advisory Panel.

Mr. Rosenbaum admits that state subsidy "tends to assure the players against the uncertainties of musical existence"—a pleasant euphemism for starvation. But "while this is admirable from the human point of view," he continues, "it is axiomatic that one cannot be both great and comfortable." Federal subsidies run "the risk of mediocrity."

I challenge Mr. Rosenbaum to find one bar of mediocre playing in all fifteen hours of the recording of Wagner's *Ring* cycle by the state-supported Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Musicians are artists, and it is "axiomatic" that no artist is ever "comfortable" if he is a real artist. However comfortable the Vienna players may be financially, they nevertheless manage to function at least as well as any American orchestra constantly engaged in the degrading and debilitating scramble for private support.

Mr. Rosenbaum himself seems remarkably comfortable in the knowledge that, as Paul Hume points out, in 1964 the average contract salary was only slightly more than $5,000 for players in our *leading* orchestras. Since that time, affairs have improved somewhat, with the establishment of the National Council of the Arts and Humanities, of private philanthropic foundations, of tax exemptions on tickets and deductions for contributions.

However, the facts remain that all

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American orchestras operate at a deficit, that the state-subsidized European orchestras are just as great and pure-minded as ours, and that *one day's* expenditure ($66 million) on napalming peasants in Vietnam into a proper appreciation of Free World values could support every orchestral musician in this country on a full fifty-two-week contract from now to doomsday.

Interestingly enough, the closer the contributors to this volume are to the actual making of music, the less panic they show that government subsidy would prostitute our orchestras. Josef Krips, conductor of the San Francisco Symphony, hopes "that the day will come when the American Government will support orchestras." Maurice Abravanel, conductor of the Utah Symphony, believes subsidy might even be socially useful, as he has found that the exposure of youth to great music is a check on juvenile delinquency. And when Mr. Rosenbaum asks William Schuman, the composer, whether a composer who receives a commission turns in less satisfactory work than when he "feels the urge to write something he wants to say," Mr. Schuman must politely remind him that Bartók (who was nearly allowed to starve here) composed his great *Concerto for Orchestra* on a foundation commission.

Next to a wage reasonably commensurate with its contribution to society, what an orchestra needs most is a great conductor. It is his artistic pressure, not financial pressure, which makes orchestras play well. The most famous attempt at a conductorless orchestra was the 1922 Persimfans experiment in Moscow. Founded during the heyday of Soviet liberalism, the orchestra was supposed to show that dictatorial conductors were an anomaly in a truly democratic society. It was a terrible flop, and the overwhelming impression one gets from Harold C. Schonberg's *The Great Conductors* is that the nastier and more despotic the baton-wielder, the greater the performance.

"Orchestras only need to be sworn at," Bernard Shaw once observed, "and a German is consequently at an advantage with them, as English profanity, except in America, has not gone beyond a limited technology of perdition."

While the prima donna conductor of a huge virtuoso orchestra is a late 19th-century phenomenon, the tradition of the terrible-tempered maestro did not originate with Bülow and Mahler but goes back as far as Bach and Mozart, both of whom were as royally hated and feared by incompetent players as Toscanini or Reiner in our day.

Mr. Schonberg, music critic of *The New York Times*, tells all the classic tales of conductors' temper tantrums, beginning with Lully ramming his baton into his foot in 1687 and subsequently dying of the gangrene thus induced. Each of the great ones had his own special technique for eliciting the finest possible performance from his orchestra.

Mahler's bitter sarcasm, Toscanini's gutter language, Furtwängler's murky metaphysical disquisitions, and Beecham's aristocratic Edwardian wit all performed essentially the same function of galvanizing a disparate group of 100-odd musicians into giving the conductor at least a simulacrum of the ideal sound in his head.

The book is heavier on amusing anecdote than on serious analysis of what in fact a conductor *does*. We are given fair warning of its popular nature in the Preface, where the author complains that "the standard source, Georg Schunemann's *Geschichte des Dirigierens* . . . never has been translated." To be thus daunted by having to read a work in German is hardly the mark of a serious musicologist.

Nevertheless, a serious theme runs through the book. Schonberg distinguishes between two basic types of conductors: those who meddle with scores to produce a highly idiosyncratic, personal interpretation, and those "classicists" who adhere faithfully to the printed notes. Mahler and Mengelberg were of the first school; Toscanini, Szell and Karajan of the second.

The importance of memorizing scores, of such absorbing interest to non-musicians, has long been disputed by conductors. Hans von Bülow once told the young Richard Strauss: "You must have the score in your head and not your head in the score." But Hans Knappertsbusch—like Bülow a distinguished Wagnerite—when asked why he always used a score replied: "Why not? I can read music."

Perhaps the greatest conductor of all was Mahler, and one wishes that he had been invited to contribute to the Voice of America *Festschrift*. He called the New York Philharmonic "the true American orchestra—without talent and phlegmatic," and had to resign its directorship because the all-powerful ladies of the board of directors objected to his deficit and his programing. "In Vienna," his wife commented, "even the Emperor did not dictate to him, but in New York he had ten ladies ordering him around like a puppet." Although he died, exhausted, a few months later, he must have died happy in the knowledge that he had never been contaminated by federal subsidy.

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Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN
Mrs. Blackburn, a former book editor for a New York publishing house, is now a free-lance writer.

OF LOVE AND DUST. *By Ernest J. Gaines. The Dial Press. 281 pp. $4.95.*

This is a rare bird indeed in the publishing world: a serious, powerful novel by a talented writer that is accessible to a very wide audience. Mr. Gaines's book is about the lives of some people on a Louisiana plantation—today. His narrator is a black man, Jim Kelly, a shrewd but leave-dreadful-enough-alone tractor driver. Reluctantly, he becomes responsible for a young convict who is sent to work off his time at the plantation. The convict, because he's paid his dues and refuses to abide by the rules of the white man's game, stands in an excellent position to endanger the lives of the "good" Negroes on the plantation. But he wants a life for himself, and he doesn't care. Kelly's transition from cynical don't-rock-the-boatism to something else takes place over a series of

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exciting and beautifully realized scenes, some of them funny, during which the convict first seduces and then tries to run off with the white wife of the plantation's overseer. Does it sound predictable? It isn't, because Mr. Gaines—who was born on a Louisiana plantation and spent his childhood working in the fields—is a writer of terrific energy; his characters have a dimension and authenticity that makes us know and care about them. It takes a lot of nerve to write a novel like this today, and a lot of skill to bring it off. Mr. Gaines has plenty of both.

I WANT A BLACK DOLL. *By Frank Hercules. Simon & Schuster. 320 pp. $5.95.*

I Want a Black Doll is a soap opera with serious intentions about a Negro doctor from the Deep South (with a white father whose identity has been concealed from him) who marries a white girl from an old Southern family. They move to New York and make it among the black bourgeoisie. One assumes that Mr. Hercules is familiar with this element but he has failed embarrassingly at satirizing them here. The book has a Faulknerian prologue and epilogue, the characters are distinguishable from one another only by name, and there is a great deal of violence, all of it Very Symbolic. As with all soap operas, the novel is quite absorbing.

THE W.A.S.P. *By Julius Horwitz. Atheneum Publishers. 243 pp. $4.95.*

It seems unfair to judge Julius Horwitz as a novelist on the basis of *The W.A.S.P.* Reading it, one feels that he chose the novel as a vehicle for ideas he thought so explosive that they would be impossible to present in another form. The book emerges as a grotesquely fictionalized extension of *The Moynihan Report*; Mr. Horwitz's premise is that white America has destroyed not only the family structure but everything else of value to the black man in this country, and has turned him into a cultureless murderer with no way to express himself except through violence. The situation—and the novel—lock black and white into an endless dance of death, with the roles of murderer and victim wearily interchangeable. All of the characters in *The W.A.S.P.*—black and white—speak in long sermons about violence and its inevitability. What is gripping about the novel is the sense it conveys of Mr. Horwitz's own terror and despair at the monstrous world he has invented here.

THE FREE-LANCE PALLBEARERS. *By Ishmael Reed. Doubleday & Co. 155 pp. $3.95.*

Although Ishmael Reed's first novel is set in a country where the people are obsessed by excrement, its leader is a cannibalistic pederast, and the police and judicial functions are carried out by idiotic brutes against a general citizenry so repulsively indifferent that it seems to deserve them, the book will make you laugh out loud. The plot is thin to invisible, but Reed's hero, Bukka Doopeyduk (once on his way to being "the first bacteriological warfare expert of the colored race," and whose name should be scatted rather than conventionally pronounced) serves as a weird telescope for a society that is terrifying for its violence and passive hypocrisy, yet somehow hilarious as well. *The Free-Lance Pallbearers* succeeds in doing, in 155 pages, what Norman Mailer's *Why Are We In Vietnam?* swiped valiantly at. If comparisons are to be made, they should be to Burroughs, but this novel is all Mr. Reed's own. Read it.

THEATRE/Harold Clurman

With *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* (Helen Hayes Theatre) we are clearly in an area of intelligence and good writing. The script which Jay Allen has derived from Muriel Spark's novel is adult entertainment.

I say "entertainment" because I am not at all certain what the real point of the play is and, not having read the novel, I cannot say what its larger intention may have been, if it had one beyond that of depicting a curiously interesting character. Then too there are faults in the production which diminished my pleasure.

Miss Jean Brodie is a Scottish schoolteacher in a conservative secondary school for girls in Edinburgh. At 35 or so and of rather prim appearance, she is bursting with a womanly energy which gives her considerable amorous capacity and attractiveness. She cares little for the strictly academic curriculum; her ambition is to influence her pupils in the appreciation of the sensuous charms of Boucher's paintings, the romance of *La Traviata,* the excitement of Italy, the grandeur of such leaders as Mussolini, Franco and Hitler, and the enthrallment of the sensual life. She wants to stamp her creed and personality permanently on the souls of her students.

Miss Brodie has courage and enormous will. She yields to her sexual drive but refrains from marriage with a timorous colleague. She encourages dalliance in her wards. She abhors Catholicism. She is a Fascist, though she rarely speaks of politics except in epic terms. Being an unconscionable romantic, she does not realize the gap between her convictions and her behavior. She arouses either unbounded admiration or rebellion, but never fails to impress. She is destructive and absurd, drawn here as a comic figure with pathetic overtones. As a fierce egotist, she must finally fail, for the truth is not in her.

One might suspect that Muriel Spark (if not Jay Allen) had in mind a Catholic travesty of Protestant self-deception. But we should not press this interpretation. Her design has broader psychological implications and the play at least does not probe very much beneath its ironically humorous surface. It is sufficient for the occasion.

The production suffers from overemphasis. Michael Langham has directed it with sledge-hammer insistence on what the script itself makes abundantly evident and readily enjoyable. Zoe Caldwell, endowed with unusual faculties for vivid projection which include a voice of refined power, great inner force, a natural gift for theatrical delineation, and a healthy sense of fun, is a brilliant actress. But her portrayal of Jean Brodie is much too stressed and studded with obtrusive detail. Even the personage's plainness is overdone by an unbecoming wig and unneeded exaggeration in makeup. Miss Brodie thus becomes freakish. The actress could have gotten twice the effect with half the effort. Proof of this is offered by her best moments in the final scenes, when Miss Brodie, bereft of illusions and her job, becomes simple and touching.

Her earlier overexertion may have been due in part to first-night nerves. Still, other performances—particularly those of some of the girls—showed similiar strain. And why, I wondered, did so many of the cast during a large part of the evening stare out front into space? Why also was Jo Mielziner permitted or required to design an abstract set with no trace of atmosphere, a set which doesn't even please the eye?

Lennox Milne is authoritative as the head mistress; several of the children are individually appealing. None of the actors is responsible for the production's limitations. The direction is miscalculated. But for all that, it is certainly superior to most of the season's offerings.

The Happy Time (at the Broadway Theatre) is a triumph of direction. One might go so far as to say that Gower

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Champion is the "author" of the show. The slight but agreeably sentimental plot, in a "Book" by Richard Nash, suggested by characters from Robert Fontaine's stories and a 1950 hit play, the so-so songs by John Kander, the serviceable lyrics by Fred Ebb have all been woven into a delicately colorful, humorous and warming event.

The whole is greater than the sum of its parts, but the parts themselves are significant as the "vocabulary" of the whole. Peter Wexler's setting is not only mechanically suitable to the light texture of the directorial style but seems to partake of the gentle dreaminess and modest frolic of the evening.

The cast is extraordinary well chosen. Robert Goulet really sings, looks good and acts acceptably. Julie Gregg has a nice singing voice and plays the role of a high school teacher without foolish frills; she is most appropriately dressed by Freddy Wittop whose costumes are admirably right. The thoroughly winning kids (particularly Jeffrey Golkin) who do several wonderfully effective choreographic numbers, a small-scale but genuine characterization by Charles Durning as a bibulous, lachrymose, good-hearted nonentity all make invaluable contributions to the total pattern.

Best of all is David Wayne. He is genial, witty, endlessly engaging by being so thoroughly at home on the stage whether he is speaking, singing or dancing. His practiced effortlessness is in the best vein of an "old" and ever contemporary tradition of American acting.

Wayne plays Grandpere Bonnard, an elderly small-town French Canadian with so dear a zest for life that he pretends to be a lecher, a grumbler, a mordant eccentric, though he is actually a man of great good sense and inner stability. The "story" concerns his sons and grandchildren—above all Bibi, an adolescent boy well embodied by Mike Rupert—whom he treats with loving gruffness. They are Huguenot in their somewhat strait-laced propriety (if not in their denomination), and display provincial Gallic "vices" while remaining basically artistic by nature.

This "family portrait" is meant to celebrate the good life in its humbler phases, an acceptance of the aches, pains, pleasures and adventure of ordinary experience. Their home and mode of living constitute the affectionately remembered existence, despite domestic ruckus, of a quiet place in a remote corner of a turbulent world. It is a Canadian *Our Town* with a French accent.

Gower Champion strikes the exactly just tone in every aspect of the production. His work in this instance possesses a unity rarely attained in our presentation of drama. He has a tactful eye in respect to color, never overlush, never flagrant, and yet always in accord with musical comedy auspices. His choreography is not so much a display of sophisticated dance movements as an expressive comedic statement of character and circumstances: the positions and postures he dictates all tell a tale without ostentation. He reveals an easy command through restraint. *The Happy Time* is a bouquet for Broadway.

ART

MAX KOZLOFF

Innumerable justifications are available to highlight "Word and Image," the Museum of Modern Art's new exhibition of more than 350 posters from its own collection. Thematically and conceptually, nothing could be more relevant to current enthusiastic notions about mixed media, the *mélange* of "fine" and commercial art, and the ever more liberal and heady definitions of communications potentialities. We are in the heyday of the expendable visual image, which mirrors our celebration of our technological selves. It is a joy which the silk screen or lithography of posters, coming into their own with a vengeance, materializes more jazzily, if not more rapidly, than television, and more accessibly than abstract paintings, which come more and more to look like outsized posters themselves (without copy). Moreover, who can ignore the thriving trade in the camp, underground, or hippie items of the genre? From another angle, concrete poetry fits very nicely within the area, while political activism has, and will again, thrive in it. The show is almost literally an ecumenical council of the graphic arts.

At first sight, it appears also to be an immense hodgepodge of 20th-century civilization, much as if we had, continuously running, random snippets from hundreds of movies of every conceivable vintage and origin, thrown hugger-mugger and simultaneously upon screens at various depths and of various sizes. The babble of voices, messages, styles and activities vortexes through the great opening hall, and often enough papers over tiered, sequenced, or cantilevered boxes, a whole series of cubic projections that would make one think of loud-speakers were they not also, at their staggered levels, a remarkable architectural solution to the problem of multiple display. The sense of the exhibit, directed by Mildred Constantine and installed by Arthur Drexler, is at once historical and comparative, giving counter-clockwise introduction to the big moments of the posteresque, starting with the frenetic Art Nouveau of Jan Toorop, and winding up with the equally nervous psychedelic art nouveau of Peter Max. Adjacent galleries assist as more detailed subsections of period styles, a compendium of approaches translated out of, or at cousinly remove from, the well-known isms of modern art.

The profusion of subjects ranges from Jane Avril to Levy's Jewish rye, from Loie Fuller to Bob Dylan. One finds, to begin arbitrarily, political images; electioneering, recruiting, jingoistic, agitprop (although a good selection of Russian and German variants are sadly missing), protest (very few) and public services. Next, and naturally most dominant, are commercial posters: products, galas, movies, theatre, personalities, travel, industry. And two smaller areas are looked into: exhibitions whose posters were created by the artists themselves, and ephemera of various kinds—books, illustrations, broadsides, magazine covers, typographic designs, and the like. To grasp an idea of the actual variety of the exhibit, however, one must imagine that any, or all, of these functions enlist the vocabulary of Art Nouveau, Cubism, Expressionism, de Stijl, Bauhaus, Purism, Dada, Surrealism and Pop art, to say nothing of photography, the lingua franca of the medium. The permutations are endless, for poster artists are the most unashamed predators imaginable. They are in search of ideas rather than a vision, and their ideas theoretically have to serve only one real purpose—selling. Nothing can inspire more eclec-

INDIA *(Continued from page 179)*

groups and geographical regions, its isolation from the civilian population, and the still prevailing British tradition of civil authority over the military, a coup by the army is unlikely.

The possibility that Congress will regain power is equally remote. Recent election trends indicate that Congress has been decisively rejected by an overwhelming majority of voters, who have given the opposition parties their chance and are now eagerly awaiting their performance.

Thus the middle-ground possibility seems most likely. India badly needs an honest, efficient and businesslike government that tolerates no nonsense and gathers and expands its resources wisely. Instead of ideologies, leadership and organization will primarily determine the future of the political parties. In this regard, Center parties do seem to have an edge and are likely to capture power in 1972.

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ticism than the cash nexus, or more opportunism than advertising.

It is the press of such conditions, however, that eventually provides a style of its own. The poster, generally, is up front, without substantial pictorial background; it is an art of the close-up. It must ordinarily provide flair and dash as concisely as possible. It should be instantly intelligible and message-oriented. These prerequisites give posters an inevitable aura of shorthand and stylization. Walter Crane, an early modern practitioner, spoke of them as a form of heraldry. If so, they are constrained to herald good or uplifting news, finger pointing or reflex jabbing with limitless enthusiasm. But despite its unalloyed optical cheer or urgency, the poster is an affair of considerable and often complex compromise. Condensing insights, or rather techniques, from modern art, it must reach a lay audience to whom aesthetic perception is completely incidental. Realism, as so many of the poster handbooks indicate, is too prolix for its aims, even though it constitutes what is best understood. There arose, therefore, a form of stereotyping, composed of impulses from animated drawing, editorial cartoons, graphic design, cinema, layout, typography; a flexible crossbreeding of sign into symbol that became the special poster code. By means of posters, abstraction may largely have been domesticated; naturalism, on the other hand, they certainly helped to flatten out. The publicity context and the audience leveling which resulted gave birth to a new kind of visual slanginess, a visual argot that paradoxically was supported at its best by a certain discretion.

This urban, high-speed graphic art, so hybrid in its sources, so pervasive in its presence, rarely attracts serious critical attention. Though many posters will survive it gracefully, few were intended to undergo such scrutiny. By aesthetic standards, posters are not sufficiently self-conscious to maintain substantial results—so that, for instance, anticipation of color-field painting, far *avant la lettre*, cannot be considered radical but mere fruit of a local exigency. But it is interesting to note that the museum has its own criteria in the matter.

There will not be found in it galleries, testimonials, snob appeals, subway placards, billboards, store displays, anything, that is, so unredeemably within the realm of the hard sell, so complacent in its triviality, that it has forgotten good manners, let alone the elements of good design. Many items in those categories would have offered the noisome social revelation and documentary punch that the exhibition as a whole means to avoid in the interest of a characteristic tastefulness. In the earlier sections of the show, therefore, the bulk of the material is made up of acknowledged masters in the field, artists in their own right, like El Lissitsky or Herbert Bayer. For the more recent sections, the director has concentrated on corporate-sponsored, big-agency, or collector-initiated projects like the List Art Poster Foundation, always well-bred in its innocuous messages, or unemphatic in its cajolery, whenever that exists. So omniscient and prestigious has been the museum's view of graphic (and product) design, that a good deal of the material it has collected over twenty years may be said to have been influenced, directly or subliminally, by the hope of "making it" at the Modern. Under these circumstances, the mere oomph or zing of the yeoman poster is subtly made to look lower class, an in-groupish aristocracy and obliqueness being apparent compensation for the poster's applied-arts status (e.g., Wheeler's New Haven R.R. *Life* placards.) In any event, I do not want to lament the level of handsomeness, which has been raised, but rather to remark that sophistication can be a form of self-flattery, while still directly motivated by the mercantile system.

As for the evolution of the modern poster, the show does a very illuminating if—necessarily, in some cases—a spotty job. With the introduction of the steam-driven lithographic press in the mid-19th century, a machine that could turn out more than 10,000 sheets an hour, with, a little later, good, cheap color registration, the stage had been set for the mass production of posters designed by artists. It was significant that the pioneer here, Jules Chéret, drew directly on the stone, carrying over a pictorial spontaneity into a reproductive process that was also to typify Lautrec. The emerging need to advertise reviews, musicals and variety shows blended with the impact of Japanese prints and the decorative aspects of Symbolist art to spur the whole poster phenomenon. With its kinesthetic melding of lettering and motif, its clever associationism (selling not the oil but the lamplight, not the powder but the beauty it creates; Ervine Metzl), this period produced a sensational string of masterpieces; Bonnard's "La Revue Blanche," Mackintosh's "The Scottish Musical Review," Lautrec's "Le Divan Japonais" and works by Beardsley, Mucha and Steinlin. The poster's easy, continuous sense of enjoyment, the playful bourgeois relaxation with which it trade-marked the *belle époque*, spread to America (Maxfield Parrish, Will Bradley), and to Germany, where Ludwig Hohlwein fused it with the more exotic style of the Murnau period Kandinsky.

In the confusing aesthetics of the First World War, Expressionism contributed one of the great posters, Kokoschka's "Drama-Komoedie," and Futurism, cribbed by E. McKnight Kauffer, furnished a stunning design, "The Early Birds." (A sorry omission from the show are the English Vorticists.) By the twenties, an irreparable change, as Arthur Drexler pointed out to me, came over poster art. Gone forever were the innocent, slightly passive images of people in unpretentious pursuit of comfort. Politics assumed the thrust of menacing mass movements, as in Lissitsky's terrifying vision of the proletariat in his "Russische Ausstellung" poster of 1929, while utopian views of a typographic order pervaded the Bauhaus, and even leisure took on monumental, high-power overtones. The great genius was A. M. Cassandre, famed for his Dubonnet image, coming out of Corbusier and Ozenfant, but best represented here by his dazzling Metro poster for the Nicolas liquor distributors, and his Spidoleine ad, which owes so much to Miró. Of Cassandre, Blaise Cendrars wrote that he had discovered in publicity "the flower of contemporary life." While it may have been specifically typical of the French during the twenties and thirties to give a *poetic* endorsement to a whole economic system, the accent has stayed with us, innocent even in its disingenuousness.

A curious remembrance of this moment springs up in Lichtenstein's Aspen Jazz Festival poster, whose thirties revival style jadedly apes the enthusiasm of Cassandre's Corbusier-Léger program. It is a bowdlerization of a parody, in part sheer ironic fashion mongering, in part reflecting posters' continuing function as cheap portraits of works of art. Recently, the print renaissance among artists in America has assured, for what might be called art posters, a remarkable degree of self-sufficiency, in that they

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are a direct outcrop of studio work (Stella, Tony Smith.) What had been an art of adjectives and verbs subsides now into a vision of nouns. Noteworthy about the psychedelic work, on the other hand, is its wish to be aesthetic in this way, and yet, underground—faintly, or by implication, a social protest. Despite some eye rockingly lyrical designs, its dilemma is that it has found its version of enthusiasm in an expensive-looking, picky art nouveau, that is only too accessible to a kind of vulgar *embourgeoisement* against which it is nominally in opposition.

Only one poster in the exhibition can be construed as dissent from the current American *status quo*—and it is so refined, and compromisingly lovely as almost to escape notice. Two gentlemen by the names of Gianakos and Ancona have designed a small American flag with black star field, above the almost invisible legend "Send Our Boys Home." It is a whimper that makes one crave for that lost spontaneity, that liaison between political passion and powerful art, to which some posters allude.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

It is irrelevant to complain that Norman Mailer's *Wild 90* is rambling, repetitious, incoherent and inept—that is how it is supposed to be. It is not a performance but a put-on, an elaborate joke—Norman the party stopper—whose point is that it has none. And it succeeds: the new film critic of *The New Yorker*, who declares *Wild 90* the worst movie she has ever sat through to the end, nevertheless writes seven full columns on it. True, she devotes a good deal of that space to informing us of the virtues and limitations of *cinéma vérité*, but still Mailer has scored with a major entry in America's leading gossip paper. He's the man in the news, and never mind how he got there.

I want to devote a little space myself to the put-on, a phenomenon with which I am growing very weary. In rough parallel to the credibility gap that now vexes civil life, the put-on exploits the credulity gap in the public's comprehension of the arts. Since the dominant impulses in all the arts today are iconoclasm, improvisation and ambiguity, and since the most embarrassing social blunder is to be thought square, practitioners whose hunger for attention exceeds their invention or projective energy are tempted to work variations on the emperor's clothes or the missing step in the flight of stairs. They take care to introduce some shock to the mores, construct their prank in some momentarily fashionable argot or fabric, and depend on a timid lack of conviction in press and public to bring them fame. The practice is utterly destructive of any talent these jokers may possess, but since usually they possess almost none (Mailer is a sad exception), that is not the main objection. Put-ons are baleful because they proliferate much more rapidly than expressions honestly intended, and their detection and weeding out divert attention from genuine essays in communication. The giggles are drowning out conversation.

Thus I am obliged to report that in *Wild 90*, Mailer has not written a script and is not acting a part; he is exhibiting his fantasies and showing off in public. The conflict between Mailer the artist and Norman the brawler has been evident for a long time; it has made him the best-known character in contemporary American letters and may well be seen by historians of his generation as the tragedy that boxed him in. Now he appears before us under the name of Prince, an aging, punch-drunk club fighter turned petty gangster. He is holed up in a loft with a couple of sleazy companions, slurping whiskey, combing his hair compulsively before a mirror, strutting like a fat midget, bullying his buddies with a stream of stultifying scatology to which they respond in snarling imitation. The scene is set with packing cases and camp chairs, the props are automatic weapons of *Little Caesar* vintage, the photography by D. A. Pennebaker is slovenly, coarse, a thumb in your eye.

Nothing that happens is acting; it is all acting out. Mailer never for a moment takes on the skin of an old pug or a prohibition gangster (it is a marvel how dated his reveries are); it is merely Norman doing his thing, like a drunk dancing *Petruchka* at a cocktail party. More than once, the camera catches him enjoying the spectacle of himself. And of course there is no plot, shape or drive to the thing. Mailer has worked up a few grimaces, some cleft-palate vocal tricks, a provocative stance, a way of lapping his booze, and a habit of hitting the furniture with his fists, and he runs thro ugh this paltry act again and again and again. You get the impression that a gallery of fools off camera is egging him on: "Man, that Norman is tough; no wonder the small-town cops keep locking him up!" There is one reference to the size of his genitals—*machismo*. It's boring, it's pathetic, it looks like the hardest sort of work for a middle-aged man, and it is probably going to get worse as Mailer grows older. But he did get that seven-column roasting in *The New Yorker*.

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